

SOCIAL INTERESTS IN THE PROSE WORKS
OF HAMLIN GARLAND.

by

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PREFACE

It was in the writer's senior year in the Lawrence (Kansas) High School in the winter of 1907 that she first became interested in the works of Hamlin Garland. Miss Metcalf, an English instructor, read to the class most of the stories in Main Travelled Roads. The realism of Among the the Corn Rows and The Return of a Private brought a desire for further knowledge of the author and his works. The writer's reading of Garland was only desultory, however, until the summer of 1916 when Professor S.L. Whitcomb of this University suggested for research work a study of the social problems in the works of Hamlin Garland. The investigation has been carried on under difficulties not only because there has been a lack of books, but also because most of the work has been done in absentia.

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INTRODUCTION

The books of Hamlin Garland are probably as indigenous as any our country has produced. They depict Western America but, as William Dean Howells says, America is mostly Western now. The West and Far West may behold themselves as a mirror in Garland. His novels are particularly valuable as materials of social history no less than as entertaining personal history. For an intimate knowledge of various phases of our Western life now passing or already gone, we are greatly indebted to Garland. The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop gives an exceedingly realistic picture of the life of the American Indian. Cavanagh: Forest Ranger, and The Forester's Daughter also are valuable for their presentation of the difficulties and achievements of the early forest rangers. In The Eagle's Heart we see how arduous a task it was for the farmer to secure a footing in the West among the cattlemen and sheepmen, who posing as martyrs in the van of civilization, were often highway robbers. The Moccasin Ranch shows us the countless hardships that fell to the lot of the pioneers who settled on claims in Western America.

In the December 23, 1917, Sunday Edition of the Kansas City Star, an editorial entitled "A Generation Ago in the West" so clearly presents the spirit of Garland's writing in regard to the trials and struggles of our pioneer

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fathers that I shall give it in full.

"The present generation is rapidly forgetting the hardships that met the pioneer settlers on the Western prairies in that great westward movement in which, as Professor E. A. Ross once put it, the tide of immigration dashed into spray on the one hundreth meridian. We see the farmer of today establishing himself with many comforts and we forget those bitter times a quarter of a century and more ago when corn sold for a song and the agricultural revolt found expression in the Farmer's Alliance and the Populist Party.

"Those days are vividly recalled by Hamlin Garland in his autobiography, A Son of the Middle Border. For Garland was reared in the family of one of those pioneers who were constantly tempted to move to the country of cheap land. The family was living in Wisconsin when the Civil War came. But after the war the father, who had been a soldier, was lured by the reports of the wonders of Iowa. At this time the mother dreaded going, and Garland tells of an old ballad she used to sing, in the shape of a dialogue between husband and wife. The husband sings:

'Away to Colorado a journey I'll go,
For to double my fortune, as other men do.
While here I must labor each day in the
field,
And the winter consumes all the summer doth
yield.'

"To which the wife replies:

"Dear husband, I've noticed with sorrowful heart

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tion,' he says, 'was followed by an outburst of criticism.' He was described in the Middle West of which he wrote as 'a bird willing to foul its own nest.'" He writes:

'Statistics were employed to show that pianos and Brussels carpet adorned almost every Iowa farmhouse. True, corn was only eleven cents a bushel at the time and the number of alien farm renters was increasing. True, all the bright boys and girls were leaving the farm, but these, I was told, were all signs of prosperity, and not of decay. My answer was a blunt statement of facts. "I grew up on a farm," I explained, "and I am determined, once for all, to put the essential ugliness of its life into print. A proper proportion of sweat, flies, heat, dirt and the drudgery of it all shall go in."

"His mother wrote him, 'It scares me to read some of your stories—they are so true'. Yet the autobiography is not a book of gloom. It tells of the drudgery of farm life, but it also emphasizes the pleasures that the growing boy found in his surroundings and his activities. A reading of it gives a clear picture of the farm life of the Middle West a generation back and will help to an understanding of American history."

William Dean Howell, Garland's staunch friend and appreciative critic, says of Garland's first Western stories: "Main Travelled Roads and Other Main Travelled Roads are happily named: these highways are truly the paths that the

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sore feet of common men and women have trodden to and fro in the rude new country; they are thick with dust and the snow of fierce summers and savage winters. I do not say but they lead now and then through beautiful spring times and mellow autumns; they mostly seek the lonely farmers, but sometimes they tarry in sociable villages where youth and love have their dances. I do not think I am wrong in taking The Return of the Private and Up the Cooly for types of the bare reality prevailing with hot pity which comes from the painter's heart for the conditions he depicts."

Garland has a hopeful belief in the perfectibility of man and things. He thinks that wrongs can really be righted. He has stirring adventure without bloodshed. Love is sweet and pure.

Money Magic, which I consider the most masterly of Garland's books, excellently expresses the author's constancy to his ideal of veritism. In Howell's words regarding it: "He paints a life which has been somehow pacified and humbled and exalted as an escape from death and restored in gratitude to usefulness in that new air on that new earth. He has taken clay from the 'rude breast of the unexhausted West' and has molded it in shapes which breathe as with a life of their own."

The situation is more important than the action in Mr. Garland's works. A given book of his does not present a problem for this or that character to solve; it describes a condition which shall test him. One cannot read Garland's

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books without becoming more and more convinced that it is our conditioning which determines our characters, even though it does not always determine our actions. As a singularly American artist, too, he instinctively devotes himself to the portrayal of conditions because America is all a novel condition.

CHAPTER I.

Western Types

For years Hamlin Garland has known the high country of the mountain west, and the people who have passed up into it. When the frontier is absolutely gone-indeed, they say there is none now-his books will keep in mind a passing phase of American civilization better than some more formal histories. Because of his intimate association with the Indian, farmer, miner, trailer, cowboy, sheepman, cattleman and gambler he has been able to depict these western types with unusual accuracy and vividness.

Of all these groups of people the American Indian evidently has made the strongest appeal to Hamlin Garland's imagination and sympathy, for he has written about him with the greatest care and interest. The author insists that he has treated the Indian as he really lived, but occasionally it appears that he has presented the red man in a romantic and idealistic rather than a realistic manner. The Long Trail introduces us to Indians of the far North West. Garland represents these as an honest and reliable people, unusually talkative, and expert canoemen. Joe Boston, Jack Henderson's Indian guide, is especially strong and trustworthy. The Indians in The Eagle's Heart, Garland indicates, are suspicious of the white man, for they have frequently been given unfair treatment. They have some bad men among them

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as in any other community, but the majority of them would rather be peaceful with their neighbors. It hurts them most to see the buffalo killed off. Mose, the young trailer from the East, gained a new conception of the red man. He saw that the Indians dearly loved these lands for which the cattlemen and sheepmen were about to battle, and from which they had been dispossessed by the power of the United States Army, not by law and justice. Many of the cowboys, after supper, sang coarse songs and told obscene stories, but Jim the Ute, Mose's friend, sat alone in serious and dignified silence, in vivid contrast. The tragic story of the death of the Blackwater Indians is told in The Trail of the Gold-seekers. In the simple account of the wiping out of a village of harmless people by the white man's disease (smallpox) unaided by the white man's wonderful skill, there lies one of the great tragedies of savage life.

Garland shows a marked difference between the Siwash, the Indian of the Northwest, and the plains Indian. The Cheyenne, the Sioux, conceal effort or fear or enthusiasm. The Siwash chattered and whooped at each other like monkeys. Yet with all their confusion and chatter they were always masters of the situation. They were expert boatmen.

The Indian burial ground at Hazleton was a veritable little city of the dead, with streets of tiny gaily painted houses. Each tomb was vivid with paint and carving and

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lattice work. In each little house were the things which the dead had particularly loved. In one, a trunk contained all of a girl's much prized clothing. A complete set of dishes was visible in another. They were so poor that the consecration of these articles to the dead seemed a great sacrifice indeed.

Many miles north of Hazleton is the Indian village of Kuldo, an old fishing village. The people were curious but very hospitable. Some of the children plucked grasses for the horses, but being unaccustomed to animals of any kind, not one would approach within reach of them. They seemed eager to show where the best grasses grew, demanded nothing and did not attempt to overcharge. They spoke almost no English, little Chinook, and had lost the sign language. Their village was built here because the canyon below offered a capital place for fishing and trapping, and the principal duty of men was to watch the salmon trap dancing far below.

It is in The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop, however, that Garland best shows his great sympathy for and keen insight into the heart of the Indian race. He undoubtedly idealizes them and makes them appear unusually romantic and picturesque. He does not want to make them entirely civilized and Christianized but to take away from them the bad qualities which they had inherited from ancient times, and

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to supplement with the old so as to make them a happy and contented people. He wishes them to have a fair chance and contrasts them with the settlers--the herders and cattlemen, much to the disadvantage of the latter. In a wider sense he makes the Indians an example of how all the 'little peoples' of the earth should be treated humanely and not be overrun in the onward course of civilization.

As a race they were tall and strong, but the men, from much riding, were thin in the shanks and bowed out at the knees. They had lost the fine proportions for which they were famed in the days when they were trailers afoot. "Straight as an Indian" no longer applied to them, but they were all skilled and picturesque horsemen. Lacking in beauty and strength they possessed other compensating qualities which still made them most interesting to an artist. Their gestures were studiously graceful, and their rough hewn faces were pleasant in expression. Ill words or dark looks were rare among them. In all external things they were quite obviously half-way from the tepee to the cabin. Their homes consisted of cottonwood logs, set around with low lodges of canvas, used for dormitories and kitchens in summer. A rack for drying meat rations was a part of each family's possessions. They owned many small ponies, and their camps abounded in dogs of wolfish breed. In the dance the younger men re-enacted with abrupt, swift, violent, yet graceful gestures the drama of wild life. They trailed game, rescued lost warriors, and

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defeated enemies. Spectators with absorbing interest watched the swirling forms, shrill cries, the gleam of round and polished limbs, the haughty fling of tall head-dresses, and the lightness of the small and beautifully modelled feet drumming upon the ground. For the most part the dancers seemed to dream--to revisit the past--especially the old men. Their lips were sad, their eyes pensive.

Andrew Brisbane, ex-senator, had entered the State at a time when its mineral wealth lay undeveloped, seized the mines and forests and grass of the wild land, and acquired railway rights. It mattered nothing to him and his kind that a race of men already lived upon this land and were prepared to die in defense of it. By adroit juggling, he and his corporation put the unsuspecting settler forward to receive the first shock of battle, and when trouble came, loudly called upon the government to send its troops in support of the pioneers. Naturally he hated the red people. They were pestilential because they paid no railway charges and held the land from those who would add to his unearned increment. His plan was to "sweep them from the earth". But his policy, modified by men with hearts and a sense of justice, had settled into a process of remorseless removal from point to point, from tillable land to grazing land, from grazing land to barren waste, and from barren waste to arid desert.

Lawson, an ethnologist from the Smithsonian Institute, believed that we should apply the law of inherited aptitudes

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to the Indian problem. Fifty thousand years of life proceeding in a certain way results in a certain arrangement of brain-cells which can't be changed in a day, or even in a generation. The red hunter, for example, was trained to endure hunger, cold, and prolonged exertion. When he struck a game-trail he never left it. His pertinacity was like that of a wolf. These qualities do not make a market-gardener; they might not be out of place in a herder. Patience should be exercised while the redman makes the change from the hunter to the herdsman.

Garland tells us that any attempt to make the Tetong conform to the isolated, dreary, lonesome life of the western farmer will fail. The red man is a social being—he is pathetically dependent on his tribe. He has always lived a communal life, with the voices of his fellows always in his ears. He loves to sit at evening and hear the chatter of his neighbors. His games, his hunting, his toil, all went on with what our early settlers called a "bee". He seldom worked or played alone. His worst punishment was to be banished from the camping circle. Now the theorists think they can take this man, who has no newspaper, no books, no letters, and set him apart from his fellows in a wretched hovel on the bare plain, miles from a neighbor, there to improve his farm and become a citizen. This mechanical theory has failed in every case. Nominally the Sioux, the Piegrans, are living this abhorrent life; actually they are always visiting. The loneliness is unendurable, and so they will not cultivate gardens or keep live

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stock, which would force them to remain at home.

The feeling against the redmen, intensified throughout the state by the removal of the Indian agent, who was only a tool in the hands of the politicians, grew so strong that Congress was petitioned to remove the Indians from the reservation. The original homesteaders were described as hardy and industrious patriots, hemmed in by sullen savages, with no outlet for trade, and scant pasturage for their flocks in nightly fear of the torch and the scalping knife.

But to Captain Curtis, the newly appointed Indian agent, these settlers were by no interpretation martyrs in the cause of civilization. They were "poor whites", fool-hardy pioneers, for the most part. Captain Curtis, friendly to the Indians, was also a man of ability, an able forester, a well read ethnologist, who had made many valuable surveys for the War department. Under the wise and sympathetic management of Curtis, the Indians took pleasure in cultivating and planting crops, tasks which they had refused to perform formerly. Curtis wished to civilize all the "little peoples" of the earth only to the extent of making life easier and happier—the religious beliefs, the songs, the native dress—all these things he would retain. Although to some people Crawling Elk, the old chief, appeared to be a felonious mendicant, Curtis knew that he was the annalist and story teller of his tribe; that his mind was full of poetry, and that his

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conceptions of the earth and sky were beautiful. He felt that there was no wide difference between old Crawling Elk and Herbert Spencer. The circle of Spencer's knowledge was wider, but was as far from including the infinite as the redman's story of creation. Burtis felt that his Indians were human souls groping for happiness and light.

The ethnologist Lawson says: "Is the Anglo-Saxon type so adorable in the sight of God that he desires all the races of the earth to be like unto it? If the proselytizing zeal of the missionaries and functionaries of the English speaking race could work out, the world would lose all its color, all its piquancy. Hungary would be like Scotland, Scotland would be Cornwall, Cornwall would duplicate London, and London reflect New York."

Senator Brisbane and his followers wished to exterminate all the Indians as soon as possible. But the chairman of the senate's committee on Indian affairs was an abolitionist who had strongly defended the negro. In standing for the rights of the redman he merely continued his life-work. He considered it not a question of whether he knew the Indian or not, but a question of his dues and our treaties. We considered the Indian a man when we bought his land, and should continue to treat him as one.

Captain Curtis thought that it rested with us, the dominant race, whether the red race should die or become a strand in the woof of our national life. He did not believe that we should make them grotesque caricatures of American farmers.

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To be clean, to be peaceful, to be happy--these are the precepts he would teach them.

On a slight pretext the settlers threatened to wage war upon the Indians. In great numbers a mob gathered, made up largely of reckless young men-cowboys from all over the range, together with the loafers and gamblers of the cow-towns, the sheriff and his deputies in front. A blood slaughter of the Indians would have ensued if the government troops, summoned by the Indian agent, had not arrived at the crucial moment. The election, following closely upon the outbreak of the settlers against the Indians, was the last dying struggle of the political banditti of the State, and they were defeated.

Under the guidance of Curtis every man, woman, and child of the red race laid hand to the duties appointed him, and did so merrily. They built fences, they dug ditches, they ploughed and they planted, cheery as robins. They held a feast to give thanks for their improved condition. Curtis told each one to come in his finest dress. He told them hereafter when they worked they were to wear the white man's clothes, but when they wished a good time, their old clothes would be pleasant. Every one able to sit a horse was mounted. All were in leggings and moccasins, fringed and painted, and they carried their summer blankets as they once carried their robes of the buffalo-skin. All the young girls came beautiful in their whitened buckskin and beads. They illustrated, without

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knowing it, the wondrous change which had come to them; the old men still clinging to the past, the young men still careless of the future, the children already transformed.

At the conclusion of the festivity Curtis addressed them: "Some of you are sad, for you long for the old things--the big broad plain, the elk and the buffalo. So do I. I loved those things. But you have seen how it is. The water of the stream never turns back to the spring, the old man never grows young, the tree that falls does not rise up again. It is the law that, now the game being gone, we must plough and sow and reap the fruit of the soil. We have put away the rifle; we must take up the hoe."

Although Garland has portrayed the American Indian with a greater wealth of detail than he has any other class of people, he has, nevertheless, graphically presented to us many groups of workers. He writes chiefly of men who live in the open; of the pioneers who have developed great western America. His characters are usually types rather than individuals. So in Lucretia Burns of Prairie Folks, Sim Burns is pictured as the average prairie farmer. His whole environment was typical of the time. He had a quarter section of fine level land, bought with incredible toil, but his house was a little box-like structure, costing perhaps five hundred dollars. It had three rooms and the ever-present summer kitchen at the back. It was unpainted and had

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no touch of beauty—a mere box. His stable was built of slabs and banked and covered with straw. It looked like a den, was low and long, and had but one door in the end. The cow-yard held ten or fifteen cattle of various kinds, while a few calves were bawling from a pen near by. He was tall, dark and strong. He wore the American farmer's customary outfit of rough brown pants, hickory shirt and greasy wool hat. No grace had come or ever would come into his life. Back of him were generations of men like himself, whose main business had been to work hard, live miserably, and beget children to take their places when they died.

In Lucretia Burns Garland tells us that writers and orators have lied so long about the idyllic in farm life, and said so much about the 'independent American farmer', that the farmer himself has remained blind to the fact that he is one of the hardest working and poorest paid men in America.

The miner or mountaineer is pictured as a much more romantic figure than the farmer. The typical western miner, as personified in Jim Matteson in Her Mountain Lover, is a good deal like the trailer in The Long Trail. He is tall, well built, handsome, very strong and resourceful, democratic, without much education, but able to cope with every situation, however difficult. Even in London society Jim managed to keep the upper hand. He remained natural and sin-

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cere, while the Englishman as typified by Twombly grew more and more unpleasantly artificial with his repeated "y'knows". As in other stories we see the great influence of nature exercised on the mountaineer's character.

Clement, in *The Spirit of Sweet Water*, is also a strong, robust miner. But in addition he has something idealistic and mystic in his temperament. He felt that he was guided by some secret mysterious influence in selecting the particular spot which proved to be a veritable gold mine.

In *Hesper* one of the principal characters is a miner who is known throughout the whole Northwest for his splendid physique, his ability as a mountaineer, and the generosity of his nature. Matt Kelly satisfied every requisite of a mountaineer. His massive head, covered with grizzled hair, his handsome, weather beaten, smiling face, his worn laced boots, spattered with mud, his rusty brown jacket, and his broad hat, worn with careless yet unfaltering grace, made him easily the most picturesque figure in any assemblage of persons. He knew the ranges of the West as intimately as the lines on the palm of his hand. His eyes were clear and keen, untouched by gluttony or intemperance in drink. He could sit a horse with easy grace. In everything he did Matt Kelly satisfied the eye. He was effective. His home life we find unusually pure and fine. Living in a little cabin on one of the highest peaks in the Rockies the pros-

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pector with his wife and little children represents the wholesomeness and happiness of life in the great realm of nature.

In The Long Trail Garland depicts the good and bad types of trailer. Jack Henderson, the hero, and Mason, his guide, formerly a cow man, strong energetic men, capable of enduring great toil, were successful in finding gold in the Klondike. Davis and Connery, Jack's earlier partners on the trail were bad, lazy characters, drunkards, and possibly thieves. Most of the trailers, however, were honest hard-working men from the states-Illinois, Iowa, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. The typical trailer is pictured as tall, raw-boned, slab sided, but powerful as a mule.

The Trail of the Goldseekers gives a detailed account of the author's own experiences on a trip to the Klondike. Unlike the other trailers he did not go in pursuit of gold, but of adventure-to follow the trail into the most unknown portion of America. People from all parts of the United States and some even from foreign countries were swarming to the gold fields. A typical trailer was "The Man from Chihuahua", so called because he had been prospecting in Mexico. He cared for his pack horses like a mother. He was small, weazened, hardy as oak, inured to every hardship, and very wise in all things.

Garland spent four months among the miners and hunters. He had been one of them. He had lived the essentials

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of their lives, and had been able to catch from them some hint of their outlook on life. They were a disappointment in some ways. They seemed like mechanisms. They moved as if drawn by some great magnet whose center was Dawson City. They set their faces toward the golden north, and went on through every obstacle like men dreaming, like somnambulists—bending their backs to the most crushing burdens, their faces distorted with effort. "On to Klondike! To Dawson!" That was all they knew.

Garland returned by steamer. On the boat were groups of disappointed and sour prospectors from Copper River. There were miners sick and broken, who had failed on the Tanana, and others, emaciated, and eager eyed, from Dawson City going out with a part of the proceeds of the year's work to see their wives and children. There were a few who considered themselves great capitalists, and were on their way to spend the winter in luxury in the Eastern cities, and there were grub stakers who had squandered their employer's money in drink and gambling. One of the most successful men on the boat had been a truckman in the streets of Tacoma. He told every one of his great deeds, and what he was worth. He was followed by a gang of parasites who listened to every empty phrase he uttered as though his gold had made of him something sacred and omniscient.

The cowboy represents another interesting class of

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society. In The Eagle's Heart we are given a vivid description of the cattle country. Cowboys in combreros and long heeled boots, with kerchiefs knotted about their necks, careered on swift ponies or met the new comers on the river road. They rode in a fashion new to Mose, the easterner, with toes pointed straight down, the weight of their bodies a little on one side. They skimmed the ground like swallows, forcing their ponies mercilessly. Their saddles were very heavy, with high pommels and leather covered stirrups. Some of them carried rifles under their legs in a long holster. In Calvin Streeter, of The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop, we see a typical cow-boy who would gallop across the flat, his horse outstretched at full speed, his hat-rim up-rolled by the wind, his gay neckerchief fluttering, his hands holding the reins high--a magnificent picture of powerful young manhood. But Lawson, the ethnologist, said that he was interested in the cow-boy and miner as wild animals. He considered them representatives of every worst form of American vice. In his eyes they were ignorant, filthy and cruel.

The sheepmen and cattlemen are very much the same type as the cow-boy, only more ighorant, more grasping, more crude if possible. Though these settlers were frequently considered martyrs in the cause of civilization, we see in

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop that they really were the scum of the earth, some of whom had been forced to leave their communities in the East, and others of whom had come for adventure or for the opportunity to lead lawless lives. They were continually fighting each other and combined only for the common purpose of exterminating the Indian.

We frequently see the gambler appear as a distinct member of society. In Money Magic he is a good natured sort of person who realizes that gambling is not right, and finally quits, having become very wealthy. There is nothing bad or vicious about Mart Haney. He looked on gambling as a profession and always saw to it that fair dealing was given in his establishment. After he had given up the game, he led an exemplary life and tried to do as much good as he could with his money. But the dark shadow of his profession followed him to his grave. In Hesper, which portrays life in a mining camp of the West, the gambler is one of the prominent figures. Since the mining district was made up of those who took chances, it followed that gambling was the chief amusement of the miner, and the business of first magnitude even in the saloons. Even in the quietest and most orderly camps every now and then someone was killed at the gaming-table. Yet rarely was a gambler arrested.

In the presentation of these various western types

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Garland has given us an interesting and realistic portrayal of frontier life in the early days of the settlement of the West and far North West. In addition, he has shown that these different characters like the miner, cowboy, cattlemen, and gambler, although they rarely, if at all, are to be found today as he pictures them, have become a permanent part of American life, and have added a vigorous, wholesome element. Garland indicates that the virile qualities which these hardy pioneers acquired by conquering our rugged western country have become an integral part of our life and are an important national asset. In The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop we have a most authentic and realistic account of the American Indian. This book may well be used by historians as source material. Garland suggests that the best way to treat the red man is to have him develop his own best tendencies with our assistance. He shows that it is impossible to make him one of our own people in our own way, but that it is only right and just that the man who first possessed this great country should become a strand in the woof of our national life.

CHAPTER II.

Family Relations.

In a very graphic manner Hamlin Garland presents to us the life of Western America from the settling of the claims to the present. He treats of the normal, domestic, business, political and social activities of every-day people. More often he depicts the life of the common men and women, of lonely farmers, miners and homesteaders. The situation is more important than the action. In this chapter we shall endeavor to show how Garland presents society in its domestic relations.

The home, Hamlin Garland considers the basic element in society. Naturally the relations between the husband and wife very largely determine the happiness or sorrow of the family. Ideal conditions can exist only when there is mutual love and understanding between the husband and wife who should be persons of nearly the same age and impulses. Garland shows that the fundamental relation of men and women is that of helpmates, toilers: the man going out to his work, the woman preparing his food. Money Magic, one of Garland's most admirable works of fiction, depicts the marital relation under varied circumstances. Bertha, a beautiful young girl, married Mart Haney, a wealthy old gambler, largely to please and aid her mother who had toiled ceaselessly for years to support herself and her daughter. Although Bertha

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remained true to her husband and tried to convince herself that she loved him, she admitted that she was not really his wife because of the difference in their ages and thoughts. Her union, after Mr. Haney's death, with Ben Fordyce is pictured as the highest type of marriage relationship. They had youth, physical strength, beauty, and unity of purpose. Her Mountain Lover presents the same thought in regard to ideal domestic relations. To Mary Brien, the beautiful society favorite of London, it seemed not merely possible, but most desirable and beautiful that she should go forth with her lover, Jim Matteson of the Rocky Mountains, into the New World as his helper, his house-wife. It seemed to her it would be a sure and exquisite daily pleasure to look into his face, to listen for his coming. But Mary was too much of the old world, had too much of the continental aristocratic blood in her veins to decide to come and leave society behind. In The Tyranny of the Dark Dr. Serviss' sister Kate, a widow, a frank, laughing, graceful woman, is a most modern union of housewife and intellectual companion. Prairie Folks, a collection of stories dealing with life on the prairies in the early days clearly reveals the effect of unending toil and bitter poverty on the husband and wife. Lucretia Burns shows that the case is not all in the favor of the suffering wives and against the brutal husbands. If the farmer's wife is dulled and crazed by her routine, the farmer

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himself is degraded. Men who toil terribly day after day and year after year cannot easily be gentle. In The Return of the Private, however, we see that hard work and poverty can neither lessen the love which the husband and wife bear for each other nor take happiness away from their home. So Garland indicates that although circumstances and environment are often influential factors, character really determines our lives.

The relation of parents and children is usually delineated with great sympathy, especially between mother and daughter. Frequently it appears that a father fails to understand his children as well as a mother. This seems to be due to no lack of desire but rather to the want of some innate ability. It is possible that Garland takes this attitude because he himself was more largely influenced by his mother's gentleness than by his father's rather stern and harsh manner. In Money Magic, Bertha was a faithful worker in the hotel, trying to relieve her hardworked mother of as much toil as possible. That she decided to marry the wealthy old gambler, Mart Haney, was possibly due to a large extent, to the thought of what rest and comfort the wealth would bring her mother. Elsie Brisbane, the talented daughter of a wealthy senator, in The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop, complied with her father's wishes and took his narrow selfish views of life until she met a man

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of much higher type. From him she gained a more exalted view of life. From then on she clashed with her father. But finally, when Senator Brisbane was defeated at the polls, he changed his attitude, and then came the reconciliation of father and daughter. In The Eagle's Heart the Reverend Mr. Excell strove mightily to gain the love or even the respect and admiration of his own son Harold. The father possessed a dreadful temper and was subject to violent fits of rage. This disposition the son had inherited. The father, trying to subdue his son's outbursts of temper by beatings, succeeded only in making Harold remorseful, and in creating a barrier between himself and his child. Later in life the father secured a little more of a sympathetic understanding, but never real love. A most charming picture of friendship and companionship between mother and children is seen in The Light of the Star. Even though they lived in one of the most fashionable hotels in New York City the mother caused the rooms to seem homelike for herself, her daughter Helen, the great actress, and her son Hugh, Helen's business manager. Perfect love existed between Mrs. Merrival and her children.

Although it is usually the parents who give the most unselfish service to their children, sometimes the reverse is true. Unusual devotion to parents is shown by Alice Edwards in Jason Edwards, an Average Man. Both in the crowd-

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ed tenement in Boston where the family was forced to live amid the most loathsome surroundings because of poverty, and on the farm out West where year after year the crops had been a failure, the daughter was the mainstay of her parents. Though sought in marriage by a brilliant young editor, she stayed with her people, teaching music in the city, and later working on a farm to eke out a scanty existence. Finally when her father's health was broken and she saw no hope for the future she married the man she loved.

In many households on western prairies, especially as portrayed in Main Travelled Roads, the parents were harsh toward their children and compelled them to toil unremittingly from early childhood. Very rarely did they have a holiday or an opportunity for social development. Among the Corn-Rows shows Jule, though only a young girl, already full of bitterness toward her parents. In Boy Life on the Prairie the father, a well-to-do farmer, though not cruel, made his sons work from dawn until night with no diversion whatever. Garland shows that in many instances this rigorous training left a permanent mark on the lives of the young people. It kept them from attaining their full possibilities. The boys grew up stolid and morose; the girls at an early age became household drudges.

As the influence which parents exert on their children can have a determining effect so the relations between

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brother and sister, sister and sister, brother and brother, also have an important bearing in life. The two sisters Emma and Sarah of Aidgewise Feelin's in Prairie Folks, who through gossip had become alienated and antagonistic, not only were wretched themselves but also caused the entire neighborhood to break up into two hostile camps. When they were finally reconciled in time of illness the barrier of ill-will was put aside among the villagers also. In Up the Coule (Main Traveled Roads) we see that great bitterness has come between two brothers because the older has achieved fame and wealth in the city while the younger largely because of lack of opportunity, has remained poor on the farm in spite of ceaseless toil. Though they finally came to a friendly understanding the younger brother remained sad and somewhat embittered toward life; for he realized that he was a failure, and that his brother could not help him now. His children especially suffered an irreparable injury through the estrangement in that they had been denied opportunities to develop intellectually and socially. In The Eagle's Heart the fraternal relationship is not a happy one either. Harold Excell and his sister Maud were not congenial spirits. From childhood Harold did nothing but tease and annoy his sister. In spite of all her efforts to be sisterly Harold remained stubborn. Much happier relations, however, existed between Captain Curtis and his sister Jennie in

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The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop. Mutual admiration and love gave both great happiness. When both decided to marry it was with genuine regret that they separated. And Helen Merival, the great actress, and her brother Hugh, her business manager, in The Light of the Star, lived very happily together with their mother, and by cooperating, assisted each other greatly.

Even when Garland has an administration problem or a sociological theme, as he admits in the preface of The Forester's Daughter he becomes more interested in the lovers. Frequently, in the stories of the Middle West, the lover is rough and illiterate, yet has something fine about him, a kind of simplicity and a gigantic tenderness. In William Bacon's Man (Prairie Folks) the lover is exactly of this type; so also in Her Mountain Lover. Garland's favorite lover is usually a strong, handsome, well built western man, often of less education and culture than the girl whom he marries. The girl is from the East and comes to care for nature through the all compelling love of the western hero. In The Spirit of Sweet Water, Garland shows that love is so powerful that it can even cure a consumptive girl after all medicine and health resorts have failed. Clement, a strong robust, young miner of the west had a hopeful, buoyant, whole-some manner.

In Cavanagh: Forest Ranger, Cavanagh says: "After all

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woman is more important than war. The love of home and child persists through incredible vicissitudes, the conqueror returns from foreign lands the lover still; and in the deep of flooded mines and on the icy slopes of Arctic promontories dead men have been found holding in their rigid hands the pictured face of some fair girl. In the presence of such inscrutable testimony who shall deny the persistence and reality of love?"

Concerning marriage, the author's ideas are lofty and very modern. He thinks that woman does not reach her highest development except in marriage. His ideal woman is college bred, who earns her own living for a few years before marriage. Garland insists on common interests, mutual sympathy and understanding for a happy marriage regardless of wealth and social position. However, he shows that that man and woman are happiest who come from comparatively the same rank in society. Of the two, woman, more easily adapts herself to higher culture and refinement than man. Again and again in his stories Garland points out that the greatest happiness comes in married life when the woman is a good housewife, and yet at the same time understands and appreciates her husband's business affairs or professional activities. Likewise he believes that a husband should allow his wife to engage in literary or social activities outside the home as she sees fit.

When a young girl marries a middle aged or elderly

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man Money Magic shows clearly there can be no true happiness. Bertha, a bright energetic young woman, cashier in her mother's hotel, married Mart Haney, an elderly wealthy gambler, not for love but on account of her mother's wishes. At first it seemed as if happiness had come when she could live in a beautiful home, dress as she wish, ride when she choose, and above all feel that she was making her poor tired out mother happy. But when she learned to know Ben Fordyce, a handsome brilliant young lawyer, her marriage seemed intolerable. However, in no way was she disloyal to her husband. But several years later after Mart Haney's death, Bertha gained true happiness in her second marriage; for Ben Fordyce was a true mate in age, physical strength and ideas.

The story of The Spirit of Sweetwater also culminates in a happy marriage. Ellice Ross, a consumptive, regained her health through the love of a strong elemental miner of the West. Clement felt that the culture, social position and wealth of Ellice Ross far outweighed his own poor possessions--his readily acquired millions and commonplaceness. Clement and Ellice entered the marriage relation as partners in every respect--he gave her an equal share in the mine--gave her the deed to the beautiful home in which they were to live. Hesper also shows several exceedingly happy marriages. Miners living on the very tops of the mountains in the rudest of homes, amid the crudest surroundings were supremely happy in an elemental way--the man toiling in the

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mines every day and the wife happily attending to her household tasks, and the children playing on the bare floor. Contentment with their lot and mutual love and understanding are the keynote to the happiness of these people.

In The Moccasin Ranch we have the story of a woman who deserted her husband for a man whom she learned to love while they were securing a claim in Dakota. A friend of the three persons involved gives us the attitude of the author. "Such a drama had never before come into Bailey's life. He had read of somewhat similar cases in the papers, and had passed harsh judgment on the man and woman. He had called the woman wanton, and the man a villain, but here the verdict was less easy to render. He liked Mrs. Burke, and he loved his friend. He had looked into their faces many times during the last six months without detecting any signs of degradation--on the contrary, Blanch had apparently grown in womanly qualities, and as for Jim, he had never been more manly, more generous and kind. If their acts were crimes, why should they remain so clear of eye?"

Although at first Bailey was ready at his life's risk to keep his friend from stealing his other friend's life; at the last he relented. "I can't exactly justify this trade, Jim, but I guess it all depends on the mother. She ought to be happy anyway; so if she thinks she'd better go with you, why, I ain't got a word to say. I leave the whole

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business with you and God."

The Forester's Daughter deals with an old problem--the world's injustice toward women. Norcross, an inexperienced forest ranger, and Berrie, the stalwart, capable young daughter of the chief of the forest rangers were compelled through unavoidable circumstances to spend three days and nights together on the trail. Norcross perceives that in him it would be considered a joke, a romantic episode, in her a degrading misdemeanor. As in ages upon ages of other times, the maiden had to bear the burden of reproach. The gossips in the neighborhood immediately became busy and made life miserable for Berrie. But Garland solves the problem by having the two fall in love with each other and marry.

It is in Rose of Dutcher's Cooly, however, that Garland most fully expresses his ideas about sex and marriage. At times he is very extreme in his ideas and exceedingly unconventional. Many persons have strongly condemned this book as being unfit for young persons to read. Rose of Dutcher's Cooly gives the story of a motherless girl from childhood to womanhood--showing sexual development and change of ideals. Rose lived the life of the farm-girls in the great Middle West States. In summer she went to school, her body as untrammelled as a boy's. She went bare-footed and bare-headed at will, and participated in all the sports.

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She would have bathed nude in the swimming pool with the boys had they not driven her away with stones and sticks. As a child she rebelled at sex distinction. Before her eyes, from the time of her toddling youth, had proceeded the drama of animal life--courtship, birth, death. The apparently shameful act of sex faced her everywhere. In the schools precedent ruled--once the girls had been placed on the north side of the room and there they always stayed, though that was the colder side.

Most of the country girls had beaux at sixteen, at seventeen many of them married, and at eighteen they might be seen with their husbands, covered with dust, clasping wailing babies. At twenty they were frequently thin and bent, having degenerated into sallow and querulous wives of slovenly, careless husbands. From early girlhood Rose also had lovers. At fourteen her ideal was a handsome athletic circus performer whom she had seen only once. But the memory of his physical perfection lasted a long time. The boys of the neighborhood were continually showing her their attention but she cared for none of them. She felt that sex was always being emphasized.

As a student at the University of Wisconsin she thought that the same moral standard should be held for men as for women. But a friend of hers said: "Men outgrow such experiences, women do not. They are either pure as angels or black as devils." Rose knew this was a lie. During her

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college days she thought of the beauty and peace of love, the physical joy of it, the problem of marriage, the terror of birth. She rejected suitor after suitor because they did not measure up to her ideals.

After graduation Rose spent a winter in Chicago to become acquainted with literary people, artists, music-lovers and men of great thought and deeds. Here she came to know a man whom she finally loved truly and deeply. Rose's lover, Mr. Mason, a prominent editor of Chicago, did not believe that marriage conferred any authority on the husband. His proposal to Rose was more like a legal document than anything else. He did not promise to make her happy, he did not promise a home. His living was precarious, dependent on his daily grind of newspaper work. His success with his novel might not bring him much money. He did not promise to conform to her ways nor to assume cordial relations with her relatives. He could not promise to be faithful to her until death but he would be faithful as long as he filled the relation of husband to her. If at any time he were to find a woman with whom he would rather live, he would tell her. On the other hand he would exact nothing from her. He would not require her to cook for him, nor keep house for him. She was to be mistress of herself. She was to be at liberty to cease her association with him at any time. He wanted her as a comrade and lover, not as

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subject or servant. She might bear children or not as she pleased. She was to follow any profession she desired. Rose accepted the proposal for she loved the man and understood his sincerity.

Concerning divorce Garland has very little to say. Only one story mentions the subject. But A Fair Exile (Other Main Traveled Roads) well portrays the divorce evil. He clearly pictures the "divorce colony". We can fairly see men with hot leering eyes swarming about the hotels, smell their liquor-laden breaths as they name the latest addition to the colony or boast of their association with those already well known. The observant lawyer imagined the reckless prodigal girlhood. of the fair exile who was in the West seeking a divorce, the coarse rich father; the marriage, when a thoughtless girl, with a drunken dissolute boy; the quarrels, brutal beatings, the haste to secure a divorce; the contamination of the crowded hotels in Heron Lake, where this slender young girl-naturally pure, alert, quick of impulse-was like a lamb among lustful wolves. The lawyer said to her: "We are responsible as the dominant sex, for every tragic, incomplete woman's life."

Garland does not blame the people for seeking divorces. He has the lawyer say that he would issue a divorce coupon with every marriage certificate. He considered it not a question of laxity of divorce laws of one state, but

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a question of the senseless severity of the laws in other states.

An observer of these two, on hearing the conversation in the train, felt bitter and despairing that women should be helpless—that they should need some man to protect them against some other man. He cursed the laws and traditions that have kept women subordinate and trivial and deceptive and vacillating. He wished they could be raised to the level of the brutes till, like the tigress or she-wolf, they could not only defend themselves, but their young.

Since Hamlin Garland presents the various family relations in great detail we might naturally expect to find the servant problem depicted. Such is not the case, however. Because Garland for the most part portrays the life of the middle classes, very few servants appear in his books. In the stories of farm life the 'hired help' consists chiefly of poor men or boys who live in the neighborhood who can be spared from their own farms. These people are treated generally as if they were members of the household, eating with the family. Money Magic is the only novel which gives the story of wealthy people. Lucius, the half Indian, half negro servant of the Haney's is an excellent representative of the highest type of servant. Although the Haney's possessed great riches neither one was accustomed to servants. On their eastern trip, especially in Chicago and New York

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they would have been utterly at a loss to know what to do had it not been for the knowledge and guidance of their unusual servant.

As Haney himself said, "Service, do ye call it? Sure, man, 'tis you are in command. I'm but a high private in the rear ranks."

Bertha said of him, "We'd have wandered around like a couple of Utes if it hadn't been for him. When in doubt ask Lucius was our motto."

In Hesper the scene is transferred for a short time from the West to a fashionable hotel in a large eastern city. Numerous well trained servants moved about, deftly and carefully attending to their duties. But they stayed in the background, and we are made to feel that they belonged with the well ordered establishment. So also in Her Mountain Lover, where we see the fascinating London girl, Mary Brien, in her beautiful home, The maids, the footman, the butler, all attended to their duties with the greatest ceremony, but no individual characterization is made.

So we see that the various members of a household react on each other and tend to influence the life of one another. Garland shows that this fact is characteristic of all classes of people in all places. The husband and wife in the home to a large degree, of course, determine the life of the family and direct the children in their growth and development. In turn the children influence each other and

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their parents. Thus family relations have an important bearing on the welfare of the race.

CHAPTER III.

Professional Life

Although Hamlin Garland has taken apparently, the greatest delight in portraying the life of a farmer, miner, or cattleman, that he may reveal the hardships and also the beauties of life out in the 'open', yet he also, though to a lesser extent, depicts various phases of professional life. Medicine he lauds very highly. Several of the finest characters he draws are doctors. In Rose of Dutcher's Cooly, Doctor Thatcher, the physician in whose home Rose Dutcher lived while attending the University of Wisconsin, not only is a man of great professional skill, but also is a person of the greatest integrity and kindest nature. He typifies the average highly respected family doctor. In the same story, we are given an account of another successful physician, Isabel Herrick of Chicago, who had worked her way up from the bottom in the usual American fashion by plucky efforts constantly directed to one end. She had been one of the first three girls to enter the medical school and protected others of her sex in the storm which followed their entrance into the dissecting room. One of the significant things about this woman is that she continued her investigation in various phases of medical sci-

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ence along with her large and daily practice. A Son of the Middle Border shows us the splendid family physician in the country who is willing to come out any hour of the day or night in the worst of weather over almost impassable roads to help the sick of the community whether they be rich or poor--a picture of gentle patience. We are made to feel that such men as he are a great aid to society.

It is perhaps a little surprising that of the many phases of life which Garland presents he should portray only two writers of any significance. For although Rose Dutcher made repeated efforts in both prose and verse her work was of no special importance. But in Rose's friend, Mr. Mason, the brilliant editorial writer of the "Evening Star Publishing Company" of Chicago, we find a man of genius. Yet he did not feel satisfied with his work or with what he had accomplished. He felt that all his creative genius had gone into the impersonal columns of the editorial page. He wondered if any human being had been made better by anything he had written in these columns. As for politics, he said that he had sold his soul, his blood, the grace of his limbs, the suppleness of his joints, the bloom of his enthusiasms to put this or that party in power. In The Light of the Star Hamlin Garland gives us an idealistic writer who succeeded admirably in his work.

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Mr. Douglas, a western man, upon coming to New York was dismayed to find that the best actress in the city appeared only in the lurid roles of foreign melodrama. He persuaded her to act in several of his plays which were truer, simpler, and above all, American. At first the plays were decidedly unpopular. But the playwright with the help of the actress finally succeeded in making his highly idealistic and instructive dramas popular with an audience, critics, and literary men. So we see that writers wield a vast influence in society. They can raise or lower the moral tone of a community, can sway the masses of the people in politics, and can set a higher standard in art.

We find women engaging in almost as many kinds of work as we do men. They range from the lowliest drudge in the poorest household on the farms and in the cities to the highly scientific doctor and artistic actress. Garland sees nothing startling in the fact that women in large numbers have entered many fields of endeavor formerly open to men only. He shows that in many cases it is an economic necessity for a woman to leave her home to enter some gainful occupation. Moreover, he thinks a woman makes a much better wife if before marriage she earns her living for a few years that she may not only gain a more practical knowledge of affairs of the world, but that she may also be better fitted to understand the business affairs or profession-

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al activities of her husband. Then too Garland thinks that women as well as men can contribute to the welfare and enjoyment of society in such fields of work as medicine, writing, literature and art.

In Main Traveled Roads, Other Main-Traveled Roads and Prairie Folks where the lives of the poor and lowly are so clearly pictured, our sympathy goes out most perhaps to the women who toil ceaselessly from dawn till night with no other remuneration than rude shelter, their daily bread, and often mere rags for clothes. Where the families do not succeed in farming, but must roam from place to place in emigrant wagons the woman with her little children bears the brunt of the burden. When a young girl has been brought up in this fashion, with very little schooling, it is not strange that she should develop into a slovenly, careless, ignorant household drudge. The women in The Return of a Private are never resting, but move about at the house-work the same on Sunday as on other days while the men sit, smoking, dozing or reading the papers. Mose, the young traveler from the East, in The Eagle's Heart, came across many hardworking women. One, a Missourian, was a graceless figure, a silent household drudge, sullenly sad, gaunt and sickly. In Lucretia Burns Garland tells us that the wives of American farmers fill our insane asylums. Nothing relieves the monotony of their lives; no music, no books.

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They toil seventeen hours a day in a couple of small rooms--dens. Their life is a dreary present and a well-nigh hopeless future. Garland severely criticizes society for allowing this condition to exist. He shows that children brought up in this kind of an environment are often handicapped for life and are a harm to society itself.

Garland gives the personal experiences of his own family in A Son of the Middle Border. His mother like other women in the vicinity toiled ceaselessly day after day. She made most of the garments for the entire family. She tailored her husband's shirts and underclothing, sewed carpet rags, pieced quilts, and made butter for market. In later life Garland recalls that his mother trod a slavish round with never a full day of leisure, with scarcely an hour of escape from the tugging hands of children, and the need of mending and washing clothes. He recalls her passing from the churn to the stove, from the stove to the bedchamber, and from the bedchamber back to the kitchen, day after day, year after year, rising at daylight or before, and going to her bed, only after the evening dishes were washed and the stockings and clothes mended for the night.

Money Magic and Cavanagh: Forest Ranger show us two women who are successful hotel keepers. For many years after her husband's death Mrs. Gilman conducted a hotel. Her daughter Bertha greatly assisted her as cashier. Sim-

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ilarly Mrs. Wetherford ran a hotel though not so expertly, for she was a more careless woman. Garland shows that young girls with training and some education can greatly improve such conditions. When Lee returned from an eastern school, she was shocked at the deplorable conditions in the hotel, the buzzing of the flies over the food, the bed bugs in the beds, the general disorder in the kitchen and the unattractiveness of the place. Under her management in several weeks the place assumed a new aspect. The dining room became inviting and the business increased.

The Moccasin Ranch whose theme is the taking of claims in Dakota in 1883, indicates that not only men but also women and girls came from nearly all parts of the country to take claims. School teachers from the East and young girls from the towns of the older communities set up stakes upon the green and beautiful sod. For the most part these women were not mere adventurers, but remained on their claims and worked as hard as the men to have the land improved. Their morals were high. They also added much to the social life of the community.

We see in The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop that women teachers, nurses and missionaries did much to help the Indians. Mr. Garland has more sympathy for the teachers than for the missionaries, however. Miss Colson, an especially insipid missionary, wished to do away with all the

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ritual and ceremony of the Indians. When they complained of loneliness she said that they would feel no loneliness if they had the transforming love of Christ in their hearts. But Mr. Lawson, an ethnologist from the Smithsonian Institute, thought it cruel and unchristian to force her solitary way of life on the sociable redman.

The work of Doctor Isabel Herrick in Rose of Dutch-er's Cooly indicates that a woman is just as able to conduct experiments in a dissecting laboratory, to continue investigation in medical science after graduation, and to meet the needs of her patients in every way, and still she remains very much a woman.

That women can attain great heights in the artistic life also, we see in the characters of Elsie Brisbane in The Captain of The Gray Horse Troop and of Helen Merrival in The Light of the Star. Elsie Brisbane, the only daughter of a wealthy senator, after receiving an education in the fine arts spent several years among the Indians in Arizona. Considering the Indians only picturesque material she painted the old chief, Crawling Elk, as if he were a felonious mendicant. But when she learned to know the old man, and found out that he was a person of great imagination, the annalist and story teller of his tribe, that his mind was full of poetry, she produced an entirely different kind of painting. After she understood the environment and

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true nature of the Indians she developed into a really great artist. Helen Merrival, in The Light of the Star in a different field attained unusual success. As a young girl she read for entertainments of various sorts. At nineteen she went on the New England rural circuit and finally ventured to New York. Very soon Farnum took her to London where she made her fortune by impersonating the gay and evil-minded French and Russian woman of the English stage. Later in New York also she became exceedingly popular and won fame and great wealth. However, she became disgusted with the type of plays upon which her manager insisted, was influenced by Mr. Douglas, a young idealistic playwright from the West, and finally became a truly great actress in plays of the highest type.

Although war is not made the theme of any of Mr. Garland's books, we find it and the military career discussed in several places. In Sanity in Fiction he calls lust and war the two grand insanities. The novel Hesper gives a vivid description of a strike. Preparations for war were made on a huge scale by thousands of Colorado miners. The sheriff on the other hand collected a posse of several thousand of the best fighters in the country. Actual battle was about to begin when Colonel Wood of the Fortieth United States cavalry arrived to take command of the camp. The federal troops intimidated both forces by their superiority. In the

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Captain of the Gray Horse Troop also it was necessary to invoke federal aid to settle trouble. The Indians and settlers in a Western State were on the verge of war because the herder of one of the settlers had been found dead in the field. The settlers decided it must have been an Indian who murdered him. Immediately a mob gathered and insisted on marching against the Indians and demanding one of the chiefs as a hostage until the murderer was found. The Indians were frightened, broke camp and fled to the hills. The Indian agent immediately sent an Indian to the fort to summon a troop of United States cavalry. The mob came, made up very largely of reckless young men-cowboys from all over the range, together with the loafers and gamblers of the cow towns. The sheriff and his deputies sided with the mob, possibly through fear, and were in the front ranks. All the Indians were armed and ready for battle. A deadly battle would have ensued had not the government troops arrived at the critical moment.

Although these two instances show the ability of our federal troops to cope with critical situations, Mr. Garland does not seem entirely satisfied with our army system. Several officers of the United States army in The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop, praised the army life, but saw its short comings. The principal grievance was that there was no promotion ordinarily unless some one died. So, as Jennie

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remarked to her brother, Captain Curtis, "I'm not so enthusiastic about it as I used to be. I don't think sitting around waiting for some one to die is very noble." Then too there were dissensions and jealousies--cynical speculations and bitter rivalries of the officers.

The Return of a Private shows that the author believes that we need never fear militarism in this country, that we can always depend on the American volunteer army. The story tells of a common soldier of the American volunteer army who had returned after the war with the South was over. He gladly resumed the tasks of civil life.

In Paid His Way we see a wearied old man returned from war. He recounts the troubles of his life, how when the war came, he joined the army for the sake of his country, but now upon his return, he finds that he has lost his farm in so doing, for he has no money. to pay the heavy mortgage. A similar note of cynicism regarding the reward for fighting one's country is found in Mr. Garland's latest book, A Son of the Middle Border. Garland recalls hearing his mother say one of the darkest moments of his life was when her husband went away to join Grant's army at Vicksburg. He comments thus: "What sacrifice--what folly. Like the thousands of others he deserted his wife and children for an abstraction, a mere sentiment. For a striped silken flag he put his life in peril. For thirteen dollars per month

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he marched and fought, while his plow rusted in the shed and his harvest called to him in vain."

Upon the publication of this book (August 1917) a storm of protest and criticism arose with reference to the above statements on the ground that they were unpatriotic. Garland replied that he intended the remarks to be taken solely as irony.

Thus we have seen presented from a professional standpoint, doctors, writers, women workers, and army men. It is rather natural, perhaps, that Garland's treatment of professional life should be somewhat weaker than that of most other phases of his work since his greatest interests lie in other matters. Yet, as we have observed, he has portrayed medicine as a profession, writers and women workers with a great deal of sympathy and insight. He shows his belief that men and women alike can attain great heights in the professional world by ability and hard work regardless of the class of society from which they come.

CHAPTER IV

Social-Economic Problems.

Garland discusses social-economic problems in considerable detail. He is not a daring social critic. But he does present with much fervor certain phases of our economic life, especially those dealing with the development of the great Middle West. The labor of children he treats with great sympathy and keen insight. Under the Lion's Paw shows an infinitely pathetic but common figure--the boy on the American farm; where there is no law against child labor. To see him in his coarse clothing, his huge boots, and his ragged cap, as he staggered with a pail of water from the well, or trudged in the cold and cheerless dawn out into the frosty field behind his team, gave the city-bred visitor a sharp pang of sympathetic pain. Yet Haskins loved his boy and wanted to save him from this toil if he could--but he could not.

In Boy Life on the Prairie, Garland gives a detailed and interesting account of the busy life of an average country boy in the days of the unbroken prairie-lands of northern Iowa. Although the book is not an autobiography the author states in the preface that he plowed and sowed, bound grain on a station, herded cattle, speared fish, hunted prairie chicken, and killed rattle snakes quite in the mann-

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er here set down. In the book he has endeavored to depict boy life, not boys. Lincoln and Rance and Milton and Owen are types rather than individuals.

When only a small boy Lincoln Stewart came in a prairie schooner from a Wisconsin cooly to his new home on the unbroken prairie lands of Iowa. At once Lincoln was set to plowing. This meant walking eight or nine miles in the forenoon and as many more in the afternoon, with less than an hour off at dinner. It meant care of the share-holding it steadily and properly. It meant dragging the heavy implement around the corners, and it meant also many mishaps when thick stubble or wild buck-wheat rolled up around the standard and threw the share completely out of the ground. Day after day, through the month of September and deep into October, Lincoln followed his team in the field, turning over two acres of stubble each day. At last it began to grow so cold that in the early morning he was obliged to put one hand in his pocket to keep it warm, while holding the plow with the other. His heart was sometimes bitter because of the relentless drag of his daily toil.

There was a boy in most families just the right age to bring in the wood and the kindling which he considered a mighty task. Lincoln did this until old enough to milk, when he moved up to give place to Owen. Owen complained

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and shed tears for several years, and then began to train Tommy to the task. Mary, at eight years of age, began to help her mother about the dishes and in dusting things, which she detested quite as bitterly as Owen disliked milking, though willing to take care of the horses.

As early as possible in the spring the seeding was begun. Mr. Stewart drove a load of wheat into the field and dispersed the white sacks across the land, like fence posts. The hired man followed with the broad-cast seeder, while Lincoln moved into the "south forty", behind the fifty-tooth harrow, with mingled feelings of exultation and dismay. Back and forth across the wide fields Lincoln moved, while the sun crawled up higher in the sky. It was viciously hard work. His heels sank in the soft earth, making the tendons of his heels creak and strain. The mud loaded itself upon his boots, till he seemed a convict with ball and chain, but he dragged himself along doggedly. He was hungry by half-past nine, and famished at eleven o'clock. After dinner it seemed impossible for Lincoln to return to the field, but his father's clarion call urged him on. By five o'clock he was hungry and exhausted. After the first day he was compelled to go out into the field in the evening also, although it was almost beyond his endurance.

On the new land it was no light job to run the harrow. The roots of the hazel brush clogged the teeth, and it

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was necessary also to guide the horses constantly, and sometimes it seemed hard to be a prairie farmer's son.

The preparation for the corn planting followed immediately upon the cross-dragging of the wheat field. The ground set apart for this crop had been ploughed in the fall, but it was necessary to cultivate it with the seeder and harrow till it became smooth and tillable as a garden patch. In those days the corn was still planted by hand and covered with a hoe. Lincoln, who had been helping to make the garden, to rake up the yard, to clip vines, and to set onions, was eager to drop corn. Early on a fine May morning, Lincoln made one of a crew, starting for the field. It was hard work. It made their necks ache, and stiffened their backs, especially as the day grew windy, and they were obliged to stoop to the hills. Notwithstanding the work, these days of planting corn had a distinct and mellow charm, filled as they were with superb dawns and warm, sensuous, slumbrous noons. Corn-planting practically finished the spring work, and there came a welcome breathing spell for the boys and the teams.

Haying was the one season of farm work which the boys thoroughly enjoyed. It usually began in the tame meadows about the twenty-fifth of June and lasted a week or so. The companionship, the merry voices of the men, the song of the machine, made haying very pleasant to all hands, although

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Lincoln's back sometimes ached with lifting the rake teeth.

Husking the corn was a considerable part of the fall work. In big fields like those of Mr. Stewart, it was the custom to husk in the field and from the standing stalk. To husk from eighty to a hundred bushels of corn during the short days of November meant making every motion count. Every morning, long before daylight, Lincoln stumbled out of bed, and dressed with numb and swollen fingers. Sore as his hands were, he had his cows to milk before he could return to breakfast.

But even Mr. Stewart gave his boys the opportunity to enjoy the three great public holidays, -The Fourth of July, the circus, and the Fair, which was really an autumn festival. Of all these, the circus was easily the first of importance; even the Fourth of July grew pale and of small account in the "glittering, gorgeous Panorama of Polychromatic Pictures", which once a year visited the country town, bringing the splendors of the great outside world in golden clouds. But the most memorable pleasurable event of Lincoln's life was a camping trip of a week's duration with a number of his companions at Clear Lake.

The boy on the old-time wheat farm generally began his apprenticeship by carrying luncheon and fresh water to the men. When he was a little older his father set him to carrying bundles for the "shocker". A little later he was

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set to "bind up the corners", out of the way of the horses. In the harvest of his fifteenth year Lincoln was allowed to take his "station". He felt as if he were being knighted.

But when the self-binder was invented later, and nearly every farmer bought one, the blinding toil of binding by hand was gone, and the work of shocking was greatly lightened. The threshing was done in the fields with a traction engine. There was less and less of the "changing works" which used to bring the young men of the farms together. The grain was no longer stacked round the stable. Most of it was threshed in the field, and the straw after being spread out upon the stubble was burned. Some farmers threshed directly from the shock, and the new Vibrator took the place of the old Buffalo Pitts Separator with its ringing bell-metal pinions. Wheeled plows were becoming common. Yet with all these gains there was a loss--the poetry of the familiar and the simpler forms of life. Most of the charm, the poetry of the old-time threshing vanished with the passing of horse power and the coming of the nomadic hired band.

During the first three years of Lincoln's life on Sun Prairie, the cattle remained "free commoners", but all this suddenly changed when the government required the stockman to take care of his cattle. So Lincoln and several other boys kept watch every day over the combined herds of the

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neighborhood, while the other boys worked at cornplanting or haying or harvest. The monotony of keeping watch was frequently broken by the appearance of rattlesnakes which caused great terror to the settlers.

When Lincoln was sixteen he made up his mind not to be a farmer, for he did not like farming. The mud and grime and lonely toil connected with it, made each year more irksome, while the town and other trades and professions grew correspondingly more alluring. So he decided to secure an education. In Lincoln's determination to leave the farm we see the beginning of the great exodus of young people from the country to towns and cities.

Some years later, after having obtained an education, Lincoln and his chum Rance revisited their prairie home. Carefully, the prairie boys studied the flowers and grasses of the sloping banks, as they recalled the days of cattle-herding, berrying, hazel-nutting and all the other now vanished pleasures of boy life on the prairie. And on them both fell a sudden realization of the inexorable march of civilization.

A Son of the Middle Border also depicts the wearisome routine and drudgery of child labor on the farm. This book gives an account of Garland's own experiences on the farm. He especially emphasizes the grime, the flies, the heat, and

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the unpleasant smells and drudgery of the barns. As a small boy he hated milking in summer when the mosquitoes bit and the cows slashed him with their tails, and he hated it still more in winter when they stood in crowded stalls. To Garland and calves are not "the lovely, fawn-like creatures" they are supposed to be. He says, "To the boy who is trying to teach them to drink out of a pail they are nasty brutes—quite unlike fawns. They have a way of filling their nostrils with milk and blowing it all over their nurse. They are greedy, noisy, ill-smelling and stupid."

At ten Garland was taught to "handle bundles" on the stack, but at fourteen he took his father's place as stacker whilst he passed the sheaves and told him how to lay them. This exalted Garland at the same time that it increased his responsibility. It made a man of him. Garland's brother Frank had his round of labor well established also. In spring he drove team and dray. In haying he served as stacker. In harvest he bound his station. In stacking he pitched bundles. After stacking he plowed or went out "changing works", and ended the season's work by husking corn—a job that increased in severity from year to year, as the fields grew larger.

Poverty shows its mark in numerous ways in Garland's books. Lucretia Burns (Prairie Folks) reveals an exceedingly gloomy picture. Radbourn, the visitor in the humble

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country home of the Burns family, did not so much abhor the grime or the labor that crooked their backs and made bludgeons of their hands, as he viewed with commiseration the horrible waste of life involved in it all, and realized that these people lived lives approaching automata. He saw that they became mere machines to serve others more lucky or more unscrupulous than themselves, and that they lived lives little higher than their cattle. Even the religion that they heard was a soporific. They were taught to be content here that they might be happy hereafter. Radbourn suggested that someone should arouse these people, and preach to them discontent, a noble discontent.

In Money Magic we see that the poor are not always wretched. The McArdles-Mart Haney's sister's family in Chicago, were a happy if somewhat boisterous household. After Mr. Haney bought a new home for them they seemed less buoyant in spirits than before. The children cried at being torn away from their playmates and the alleys and runways which they had infested. They were like lusty rats suddenly let loose in a fine new barn with no dark corners, no burrows, no rotten planks, chips or coal-heaps to dig into or hide beneath.

In the stories depicting farm life where there is poverty we see neighborliness and kindness even among the most destitute. In The Moccasin Ranch when winter approached after many of the settlers had spent their last dollar

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and there was little work for them to do, everyone shared his canned beans and crackers or whatever else he happened to have.

A Son of the Middle Border shows with especial force the poverty of the early pioneers in Iowa in 1874. That Garland speaks from personal knowledge makes the statements all the stronger. Every home had its individual message of sordid struggle and despair. Many a young girl took upon her girlish shoulders the burdens of wifehood and motherhood almost before her girlhood had reached its first period of bloom. In addition to being cook and scrubwoman, she was now a mother and nurse. Some of the women withered into querulous and complaining spinsterhood. Many men long before their time became bowed and bent, cursing the bondage of the farm.

The poverty of the early settlers in the West is clearly shown in the rude structures of their homes and schoolhouses. Nearly every family lived in two or three rooms. In one room they lived and cooked and sat. The husband and wife occupied a bedroom below, and the children slept in the garret. In The Moccasin Ranch we read that the settlers of Dakota lived in little cabins which were all alike, with roofs of one slant. The stove, a bed, a flour barrel of rough lumber, and a few other household

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articles made up the furniture.

In A Son of the Middle Border, Hamlin Garland tells us that the bleak little house in which he lived as a boy is clearly defined in his mind. The low lean-to kitchen, the rag carpeted sitting room with its two chromos of "Wide Awake" and "Fast Asleep" -its steel engraving of General Grant, and its tiny melodeon-all these come back to him. There are very few books or magazines in the scene, but there are piles of newspapers, for his father was an omnivorous reader of political affairs. It was not a hovel-it was a pioneer cabin persisting into a settled community, that was all.

The schoolhouse as described in The Moccasin Ranch and A Son of the Middle Border was merely a square box-like structure, with three windows on a side and two in front. The benches hideously hacked and thick with grime, were hard and uncomfortable. A big box-stove, sitting in a square puddle of bricks, a wooden chair, and a table completed the furniture. Decidedly it was not inviting. In Rose of Dutcher's Cooly we see that a country schoolhouse in Wisconsin is very much like those in Dakota and Iowa, just a squalid little den. It was as gray as a rock and as devoid of beauty as a drygoods box. No one thought of adding a tree or a vine to its ugly yard. Its gray clapboarding was hacked and scarred with knife and stone, and

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covered with mud and foul marks. Naturally the poverty of the settlers was reflected in the type of instruction in the schools. Classes were conducted in the same manner as in the preceding twenty years. "The cat-saw-a-rat" variety, "And again the curfew failed to ring". So we see that poverty is a great handicap to society.

Garland shows that liquor also exercises a baneful influence on humanity. An Alien in the Pines indicates how drink will ruin a man. Williams, a violinist, a cultured man, good at heart, admitted that he could not leave whiskey alone when he could smell it. So he left civilization and went to a lumber camp to be out of temptation. In The Eagle's Heart the farmer's daughter, Jennie, became disgusted with her drunken father who could not eat food for several days after filling himself up with whiskey. While drunk he was cruel to his family, especially to his wife; at other times he was exceedingly kind hearted and good natured. In Hesper also we see the baneful influence of liquor. When the animosity of the strikers of the Colorado miners against the owners was the most bitter, the saloons were kept open day and night. The saloon keepers prospered greatly, for nearly all the strikers were drinking men. But the liquor infuriated the men all the more, and led them to commit outrages which they would not have perpetrated.

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ed in their saner moments. Only by the intervention of United States Cavalry were they deterred from engaging in battle and committing foul crimes.

Two other economic problems which Garland presents are labor unions and strikes. Hesper gives a vivid picture of a Colorado mining camp, the formation of a labor union, and a strike. On the top of Pine Mountain, eleven thousand feet above sea-level, a vein of ore running two thousand dollars to the ton was discovered, and a new town rose—eleven thousand feet above sea-level—the highest town in America: and this was called Sky-Town. To this camp as towards a blazing beacon, the men who take chances came, and in its streets gold hunters from Australia, South Africa, and California mingled with runaway plough boys from Kansas and Iowa, herders from Texas and Wyoming, trappers from the far north West and planters from Utah and Colorado. One day, while the work of the camp was going on briskly, an open meeting was held to discuss the formation of a labor union. The principal speaker insisted that a union should be formed at once. He said that as soon as all the claims had been taken consolidation would begin, and wages would be cut. Some of the other speakers indicated a hostile attitude toward Valley Springs. They showed that Sky-Town had begun to hate the Valley as the home of those who lived on the labor of others.

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Don Barnett, one of the wealthy mine owners, was furious at the news that a union was being formed. From his point of view a union is a breeder of war. He immediately gave orders to his manager of the mine to formulate plans to nip the thing in the bud. But very soon after this, Mr. Barnett learned that the Superintendent of the Red Star Mining Corporation was tarred and ridden on a rail by the miners because they disliked his autocratic manner of introducing a change in the shift of working hours.

In an hour Millionaire Row was humming with news of the outrage. Reports, confused, conflicting, flew along the wires East and West, and the afternoon papers were filled with dramatic details of the opening of the big strike in Sky-Town. The superintendent's schedule became an issue. The press took sides, playing upon partisan passions. It was overalls against leg-o' mutton trousers; puttees against "chaps".

The Valley called for the blood of those who had dusted the sacred person of their representatives, and the sheriff was ordered to arrest and bring down the insolent "red necks" who had humbled the proud and confident Red Star superintendent. Moving with such secrecy as he could, the sheriff collected and swore in some ninety men—the boldest and hardest to be found in all the towns of the Valley.

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They professed themselves quite able and willing to bring down anybody in the hills. After being armed and provisioned they were to be sent around by way of a railroad which was being built towards the camp from the South.

One night some one dynamited the Red Star shaft-house and mill. The din of controversy was deafening. The labor unions disclaimed all knowledge of the outrage, and roundly condemned it for the foolishly destructive act it really was. The men in the valley were infuriated of course, and were planning to send a thousand men fully armed to terrorize and subdue the miners.

The Independents continued to uphold their old traditions--that a man with an open door behind him can not be coerced. They thought a man should be paid for every minute he works, but they did not believe in any methods of forcing men who are working, and want to work, into a strike. When they refused to close down and insist on their workmen joining the union they were told that they would be closed down.

While the excitement was at the highest ebb the shaft-house of the independent leaders was blown up one night and many men were imprisoned in the mine. Battle was now inevitable. The storm that had muttered and rumbled and shifted ground, was about to break in tumult. The sheriff and

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his men stole a march on Sky-Town.

Yet now that they were encamped in sight of the enemy they hesitated, for their leaders had been told that the entire hill-side was planted with dynamite; and there was further menace—the muzzle of a great gun projected across the rude embankment on the hill; while above and beyond, and more deterrent still, were thousands of desperate men massed against the sky. These men had been drilled under the leadership of Jack Munroe, a fearless young man trained at West Point.

In the morning the reign of terror was over. The desperadoes scattered like quail. The governor, in a spirit of reprisal, invoked federal aid, and Colonel Wood of the Fortieth United States Cavalry was about to take command of the camp.

But although the strike was ended, for mobs do not fight the United States army, the attitude of the strikers and the mine owners was not changed, conditions were not altered. So Garland believes, apparently, that strikes are a failure, that they engender class strife. He indicates that the solution of the problems of labor and capital lies elsewhere, possible in a board of arbitration.

We have in Garland's works, then, various social-economic problems ranging from child labor on the prairie

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lands of the Middle West to labor unions and strikes in the mining districts of Colorado. Garland presents only those questions that are typical of the development of the western part of America, since that is his particular field of endeavor. In Boy Life on the Prairie and A Son of the Middle Border we have seen that he has painstakingly depicted the laborious toil required of farmer's children in the great Middle West. He has shown that this labor was necessary to develop the farm lands but that it left its indelible mark on the lives of the children. He also indicates that poverty had a deterrent effect on the lives of many pioneers, and yet helped develop rugged qualities in their characters. In his presentation of labor unions and strikes Garland has very graphically portrayed two exceedingly important economic problems which are yet awaiting solution.

CHAPTER V.

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Various national problems are presented in an interesting manner and apparently with first hand knowledge of the subject in several books—notably in Cavanagh: Forest Ranger. In The Forester's Daughter the sociological theme is the conservation of forests. On certain slopes dark forests rise to the high, bold summits of the chiefest mountains, and it is to guard these timbered tracts growing each year more valuable, that the government has established its Forest Service to protect and develop the wealth producing power of the watersheds. Chief among the wooded areas of this mighty inland empire of crag and stream is the Bear Tooth Forest, containing nearly 800,000 acres of rock and trees, whose seat of administration is Bear Tooth Springs. A sign nailed to a tree at the foot of the first wooded hill was printed in black ink on a square of cloth. The notice proclaimed this to be the boundary of the Bear Tooth National Forest, and pleaded with all men to be watchful of fires. Its tone was not at all that of a strong government; it was deprecatory.

Wayland Norcross, a recent graduate of Yale, seeking health in the Rocky Mountains, was amazed to find many

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men in the forestry service who were from his own school. They were experts. One of them told him that there is no great money in the service, but that it is the most enlightened of all the government bureaus. But an unpleasant feature about the ranger business is that it is a solitary job. Many of the stations are fifteen or twenty miles from a post-office.

Norcross learned that there were distinctly two kinds of employees--the 'old guard' and the 'new'. The older men employed have a practical knowledge of camp life and of the forests but are not scientifically trained. The younger men are for the most part college graduates, and experts in some field. The work becomes more technical each year. The experts, the men of college training, were quite ready to be known as Uncle Sam's men. They held a pride in their duties, a respect for their superiors, and an understanding of the governmental policy which gave them dignity and a quiet authority. They were less policemen than trusted agents of a federal department. Nevertheless there was much to admire in the older men, who possessed a self-reliance, a knowledge of nature, and a certain royal grace which made them interesting companions, and rendered them effective teachers of camping and trailing, and while they were secretly a little contemptuous of the "school-boys", they were all quite ready to ask for expert aid when knotty problems arose.

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A forester must not only patrol but he must be ready and willing to build bridges, fight fire, scale logs, chop a hole through a wind-fall, use a pick in a ditch, build his own house, cook and launder. Many of the trails which the foresters must follow are dangerous in places, especially in night trips so that they realize that "Eternal watchfulness is certainly one of the forester's first principles."

The Forestry Service has many violent opponents. The worst of these are old adventurers who barely deserve to be called pioneers. They never did any work in clearing the land or in building houses. Some of them who own big herds of cattle, still live in dug-outs.

Cavanagh: Forest Ranger treats the subject of conservation of the forests and their guardianship with greater fulness than The Forester's Daughter, though the principles are the same. In this book Garland also shows the trouble arising from the free garage and the terrors of lynch law. The introduction consists of a letter written by Gifford Pinchot to Hamlin Garland in which he says: "I have read the proofs of Cavanagh: Forest Ranger, with keen appreciation of your sympathetic understanding of the problems which confronted the Service before the Western people understood it."

When speaking of the Old West before the days of Conservation, Redfield, the Chief Supervisor said: "The Old West was picturesque and, in a way, manly and fine--

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certain phases of it were heroic—and I hate to see it all pass, but some of us began to realize that it was not all poetry. The plain truth is my companions for over twenty years were lawless ruffians, and the cattle business as we practiced it in those days was founded on selfishness and defended at the mouth of the pistol. We were all pensioners on Uncle Sam, and fighting to keep the other fellow off from having a share of his bounty. It was all wasteful, half-savage. We didn't want settlement, we didn't want law, we didn't want a state. We wanted free range. We were a line of pirates from beginning to end."

Redfield wondered if there was any other state than Colorado in our nation where the roping of sheep—herders and whole sale butchery of sheep would be permitted. From the very first the public lands of Colorado were a refuge for the criminal—a lawless no man's land, but thanks to Roosevelt and the Chief Forester, there came to be a force of men on the spot to see that some semblance of law and order should be maintained.

Cavanagh represents the changing period in the history of the West. The old dominion—the cattle range was passing. The supremacy of the cow-boy was ended. The cow-boss was raising oats, the cow-boy was pitching alfalfa.

Uncle Sam, in his careless, do-nothing way, always left his range to whoever got there first, and that was the

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cattleman. At first there was grass enough for all, but as they built sheds and corrals about watering places they came to claim rights on the range. They usually secured by fraud, homesteads in the sections containing water, and so gun in hand, stood off the man who came after. Gradually, after much shooting, they parcelled out the range and settled down, covering practically the whole state. Their adjustments were not perfect, but their system worked smoothly for those who controlled the range. They had convinced themselves, and nearly every-body else, that the state was fit only for cattle-grazing, and that they were the most competent grazers. Furthermore, they were in possession, and no man could come in without their consent.

Of course the small farmer began sifting in here and there in spite of their guns. But the cow punchers stirred up more trouble. It came about through a law of their own making concerning mavericks, unbranded yearling calves without the mother. The law was that the calf belonged to the man who found him and branded him. At first only a few outlaws took advantage to brand these mavericks for themselves, but hard years came on, the cattle business became less profitable. At last the range swarmed with idle cow-punchers who took to mavericking on their own account. From keeping within the law, they passed to violent methods, and

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anarchy reigned on the range.

Each year sees the Old West diminish, and already in the work of the Forest Service, law and order advance. Notwithstanding all the shooting of herders and the beating to death of sheep, no hostile shot has ever been fired within the bounds of a National Forest. In the work of the forest rangers lies the hope of ultimate peace and order over all the public lands.

When Cavanagh caught some poachers on his domain he arrested them and brought them to the Fork to secure their punishment. But the officers of the place hid and the respectable people of the community concealed themselves in their houses. The ruffians threatened Cavanagh's life, and in fact he barely escaped death. Low as his estimate of the Fork had been he could hardly realize that it would let an officer of the State be defeated in his duty. "Such a thing could not happen under the English flag", he said, and at the moment his adopted country seemed a miserable makeshift.

One day Cavanagh perceived signs of a broken camp. He quickly realized that another shepherd had been driven out, and his tent and provisions burned. In the smoke of the fire was the reek of human flesh. Three sheep herders were sacrificed on the cattle-man's altar of hate and greed. They had been cut to pieces and then burned.

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The ranger sickened as the bloody tale unfolded itself before him. Then a fierce hate of such warfare flamed in his heart. "Could this enormity be committed under any other civilized flag? Would any other government interming-
le so foolishly, so childishly, its State and Federal authority as to permit such diabolism? Here was the answer to local self-government-to democracy. Only in America could lynch law become a dramatic pastime, an instrument of private vengeance.

Immediately after the perpetration of this outrage came the news from Washington that the President had dismissed the chief-Pinchot-the man who built up the Forestry Service. At once all the cow-thieves, water-power thieves, poachers, and free-grass pirates came in mobs against the forest rangers. And it was ascertained that the men who performed the horrible cruelty on the herders were well known stock owners.

Cavanagh felt that he could endure no more. So he immediately sent in his resignation. But his superiors would not accept the resignation of so excellent a forester. When offered the supervisorship of the Washakie Forest, Cavanagh accepted with pleasure, especially when he learned that a good man, a real forester, was put in the chief's place.

The Eagle's Heart also shows the fight between the

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truck farmers and the cattle ranchers of the West, to secure possession of the free range. The cattle-men had the free range so long that they naturally thought they owned it. To the farmer it seemed as if the whole cattle business was a robbery. The truck farmers stood by each other, and numerous fights, almost battles, occurred between the two sides. The cattlemen united against all home-steaders. When the sheepmen and cattlemen fought that helped the farmers.

Another important national problem which arose with the settlement of the western part of our country is that of the taking of claims. In The Moccasin Ranch we see first the joy, then the sorrow of those who came to 1883 to take claims in Dakota. The country in the spring seemed exceedingly attractive to the newcomers. The young landseekers were garrulous with delight over their claims which they proudly exalted above the stumps and stones of the farms "back home." Day by day the plain thickened with life. All ages and sexes came to take claims. Old men, alone and feeble, school teachers from the East, young girls from the towns of the older communities, boys not yet of age, whole families from Alsace and Lorraine, from the North Sea, from Russia, and from the Alps came to take possession of a belt of territory six hundred miles long and one hundred miles broad. Everybody was in holiday mood. Men whistled and sang and shouted and toiled-toiled terribly-and yet it did

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not seem like toil! They sank wells and ploughed gardens and built barns and planted seeds, and yet the whole settlement continued to present the carefree manners of a great pleasure party. It seemed as if no one needed to work, and, therefore, those first months were months of gay and swift progress.

But week after week passed away, and the government surveyors did not appear. The Boomtown Spike told in each issue how the men of the chain and compass were pushing westward; but still they did not come, and the settlers hopes of getting their claims filed before winter grew fainter. The mass of them had planned to take claims in the spring, live on them the required six months, "prove up", and return East for the winter. September and October passed before the surveyors came thru, and three months passed before the pre-emptors could file and escape from their claims.

By the first of November the wonder had gone out of the life of the settlers. One by one the novelties and beauties of the plain had passed away or grown familiar. Many of the squatters by this time had spent their last dollar, and there was little work for them to do. They had all lived on canned beans and crackers since March, and they now faced three months more of this fare. Some of them had no fuel and winter was rapidly approaching. The depopulation of

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the newly claimed land began. Some of the people went back never to return; others settled in Boomtown, with intent to visit their claims once a month through the winter; but a few remained in the little shanties. One by one the huts grew smokeless and silent. The land of the straddle-bug had become a menacing desert, hard as iron, pitiless as ice.

Political theories are presented in Cavanah: Forest Ranger and in A Spoil of Office. In the former book, an Englishman visiting in Colorado, criticized our government for its lack of cohesion. He would do away with our senate and put a strong man like Roosevelt at the head of the executive. He considered it foolish to limit the presidential term to four years and thought the English government much more effective. But Ross Cavanagh, another Englishman, doubted if England was as great as formerly. The pauper population was a discouraging matter—one in every thirty seven requiring help. He feared that the English empire was falling apart. Its supremacy, he thought, was already threatened by Germany, whereas the future of the United States appealed to his imagination. Here the problems of popular government and of industry were to be worked out on the grandest scale.

A Spoil of Office gives us the political development of the West and an account of the Grange. As soon as the western territory was divided into states, politics, the

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great national game, made of them a power, with senators to represent a mere handful of miners and herdsmen. In the Congress of the United States these commonwealths played their unscrupulous games, trading for this and for that local appropriation. Happily in some instances these senators had been higher than their State, but in other cases, they represented only too loyally the violent and conscienceless cow-man or lumber-king.

Primarily the object of the Grange was the education of the farmers. It was a coming together of the farmers who live much apart from the rest of the world. One of their leaders, Ida Wilbur, wanted them to keep out of politics—to use the Grange for social purposes. She wished the farmers to have good schools, churches, and numerous social activities. She did not want the farmer to be a drudge and his wife a bond slave.

For sixteen years the affairs of Rock River county, Iowa, a typical western community, had been managed by a group of persuasive, well dressed citizens, who played into each others' hands and juggled with the county's money with such adroitness that their reign seemed hopelessly permanent to the discontented farmers of the county. It was a case of perfect organization against disorganization. In spite of the farmers' revolt at one election, the

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"ring" succeeded. But they held a mass convention for those who favored reform in politics, and ran an independent ticket. Bradley, a young ambitious farmer, an Independent Republican, became a Congressman. The Grange made the meeting possible. For the first time in the history of the American farmer there had come a feeling of solidarity.

As time went on the spirit of the Grange broadened and deepened and was made more desperate by changing conditions. It came to consider the question of the abolition of industrial slavery. Some of the leaders told the farmers they should have thickly settled farming communities, where every man has a small, highly cultivated farm, for the big landowners are swallowing the small farmers and turning them into renters or laborers. The leaders said that the "Toiling Millions" produce all the wealth, but because they have never controlled legislation, have been impoverished by unjust laws made in the interests of the Land-holder and the Money-changer, who seize upon and hold the surplus wealth of the nation by the same right that the slavemaster held his slave, legal right, and that alone. They predicted that a new social war would be against all kinds of privileges.

In the presentation of these national problems Garland not only reviews for us many interesting phases of

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frontier life in the settlement of the western part of our country and shows the effect on the lives of the people in those days, but he also indicates that many of these questions are still unsolved and await an answer from this and future generations. The conservation of forests Garland considers of great importance. In the past it did not seem necessary to take precaution to save our forests from fire and wasteful use. But now that our population is becoming larger and our forests are diminishing, we must conserve our forests most rigidly if we wish to develop nationally as we should. Lynch law, it would seem, ought not to appear in this enlightened age. Although it is not as common as in the rougher days in the early settlement of our country, it is, however, practised far too commonly. Garland shows that we must suppress lynch law if we would perpetuate our democratic institutions. The problem of landlordism, of a few persons holding great areas of land, it is rapidly becoming apparent, must be settled. Garland suggests that the government should see to it that a farmer should have a chance to buy the land he cultivates, and that big landowners should be prevented from overpowering small farmers.

CHAPTER VI

Art and the Modern Drama.

Art in its various forms is a matter of great interest to Garland. Money Magic, Rose of Dutcher's Cooly, The Tyranny of the Dark, and Victor Olnee's Discipline gives us charming pictures of artistic groups. When Mart Haney and his wife Bertha from the West visited in Chicago they were entertained in one of the finest homes of the city where they met a number of cultured persons all interested in art. Most of the painters and sculptors were men of great talent and even genius who endeavored to express in their work their purity of life and exalted purpose. Only in New York did the Haney's meet an artist who was base and despicable. His depraved nature clearly revealed itself in his paintings.

In Rose of Dutcher's Cooly, around the tea table of the famous Doctor Isabel Derrick of Chicago, we meet many brilliant artists of the city. And we find persons just as keenly interested in art in the humble surroundings of Rose Dutcher's boarding house as in the wealthier homes. So too on a western Indian Reservation, in The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop, is a small group of persons engaged in depicting on canvas the life of the Red man, his characteristic appearance, his thoughts and ideals.

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Frequently, however, Garland criticizes America's art atmosphere. In Rose of Dutcher's Cooly he tells us that artists from Paris bewail the lack of art atmosphere in our western cities especially. This condition, they think, is chiefly due to the fact that we have no patriotism in art, for most American artists feel compelled to live for a time in Paris to gain prestige, and the majority of wealthy persons who purchase works of art have a weakness for buying old masters and salon pictures. They take their judgment from some one else. Consequently American artists are often forced for financial reasons to exert their energy in making copies of the old masters, or to follow traditional lines, rather than to try to create a truly individual American art.

In The Light of the Star the author shows the condition of the modern drama and theatre and gives promise of a more hopeful and idealistic future. The heroine, considered the greatest romantic actress in America, has achieved success by playing roles which really disgust her. She desires plays that she can live, as well as act, but is told by her manager that the public will not have her in anything else. Her manager, however, she feels, has no ideal except "to find a play that will run forever and advertise itself! "

The story of this actress' rise to her important position is typically American. Her mother kept boarders that she and her brother might go to school. After their father

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died they were compelled to leave school to help earn their living. Helen began to read for entertainments of various sorts. She was very successful in this work and soon was able to put her mother in a good home and to send her brother to college. At nineteen she went on the New England rural circuit, finally ventured to New York, and to use her own words, "went out on the road at fifteen per." After two seasons she secured a small part in a real company, but did not win success. A little later she went to London with Farnum with only a little part-but McLennan saw her and liked her work. He asked her to act the American adventuress in his new play. And then her fortune was made. She continued to play the gay and evil minded French and Russian woman of the English stage till she was tired of it. Then she tried Joan of Arc and Charlotte Corday; but the public forced her back to the Baroness Tekla, and to wealth and great fame.

When she was at the height of her success, and was becoming disgusted with these women with cigarettes and spangled dinner gowns, Mr. Douglas, a young idealistic playwright from the West, influenced her greatly. He told her that he was afraid that such passions as she simulated might leave their mark on her, and degrade her womanhood. He caused her to realize that her wonderful acting in base roles really had a defiling influence on many young girls and women. Finally he made her triumphs over her vast audiences seem loathsome -al-

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most criminal.

Miss Merrival was pleased with Lillian's Duty, a drama written by Douglas, and insisted that her manager produce it. He consented, though unwillingly. He declared that the public would not stand for new things, that they wanted old scenes rehashed. They wanted to laugh, not to think.

The night on which the play was to be given Douglas feared that after all his play might not be a success. He felt that the laughing, insatiate amusement seekers cared almost nothing about one's duty. Many of them were keen, relentless business men, wearied by the day's toil. They were now seeking relaxation, and were not at all concerned with acquiring wisdom or grace. Still he felt that Helen would triumph even if the play failed, for the people would see her at last in a congenial role, wherein her nobility, her intellectual power would be given free expression. As the play progressed, however, he divined the thought of the audience. "We came to be amused, and this fellow instructs us in sociology. We didn't pay two dollars to listen to a sermon; we came to be rested. There's trouble enough in the street without displaying it in a place of amusement. "

Of course the play was a failure from the view point of the audience, managers, and most of the critics. Almost the only crumb of comfort the young playwright received was from several students whom he overheard. "It won't go, of

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course", said one in a tone of conviction, "but its a great play all the same."

"Right, old man," replied the other, "It's too good for this town. What New York wants is a continuous variety show."

The actress, however, was not discouraged. She was not surprised that the audience which had been gathering to see her as the Baroness should not care for Lillian's Duty. She felt that she could secure a different public in her higher work. She did not care to return to the old plays. She did not wish to start a fad for Ibsen or Shaw, but wanted to develop American drama. And she felt that there was a public ready to pay its money to see good American drama.

Because of the continued presentation of Lillian's Duty, the theatre which had once been the popular rendezvous for pleasure seeking crowds, was now cold, echoing, empty, repellant. No one sat in the boxes, and only here and there a man wore evening dress. The women were always intense, but undemonstrative. There were no carriages in waiting and the audiences returned to the street in silence like guests from a church.

Although disheartened by the failure of his first play, Douglas wrote another, Enid's Choice, an idealistic, poetic drama. This too was a failure. Again the majority of the

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critics were against him. Only one wrote in almost unmeasured praise, and his words salved the smarting wounds of the young dramatist. "Those who have seen Miss Merrival only as the melodrama queen or the adventuress in jet-black evening dress, have a surprise in store for them. Her "Enid" is a dream of cold, chaste girlhood—a lily with a heart of fire—in whose tender, virginal eyes the lust and cruelty of the world arouse only pity and wonder. The play is away over the heads of any audience likely to come to see it. The beringed and complacent wives of New York and their wine-befuddled husbands will find little to entertain them in the idyl of modern life. As for the author, George Douglas, we have only this to say: 'He is twenty years ahead of his time. Let him go on writing his best and be patient. By and by we shall have time to think of other things than money, when our wives have ceased to struggle for social success, when the reaction to a truer and simpler life comes--and it is coming--then the quality of such a play as Enid's Choice will give its author the fame and living he deserves'."

Full of remorse and discouraged by his second failure not only for himself but also for the beautiful actress, Douglas went into solitude for a time. He decided to write a play which the people would like and which would bring back the star's former popularity. He was sure that the new play, Alessandra, would succeed, because it was diametrically op-

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posed to all he had expressed. The very fact that the theme was Italian, and of the Middle Ages, was a proof of his abandonment of a cardinal principle. Once he had asked with vast scorn, "What kind of a national drama would that be which dealt entirely with French or Italian mediaeval heroes?"

He could see the bill-boards glowing again with magnificent posters of Helen Merrival, as Alessandra, stooping with wild eyes and streaming hair over her slain paramour on the marble stairway, a dagger in her hand. The magazines would add their chorus of praise.

Over against this stood the slim, poetic figure of Enid, so white of soul, so elemental in appeal. A whole world lay between the two parts. One was modern as the telephone, true, revealing. The other false from beginning to end, belonging to a world that never existed, a brilliant, flashing pageant, a struggle of beasts in robes of gold and velvet, assassins dancing in jewelled garters.

Helen did not wish to undertake Alessandra but finally consented, not so much on account of her manager's insistence, as because she and Douglas needed the money and the prestige.

While Alessandra was being rehearsed for presentation, the young playwright went to his former home in the West to recuperate. While there he rewrote a play which he had composed in his boyish days. The play, *The Morning*, was very tender and beautiful. When Helen received it she believed that it would touch more hearts than the gorgeous melodrama,

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Alessandra.

When Douglas returned to New York he was amazed to find that *The Morning* was presented instead of *Alessandra*. For when *The Morning* reached Helen, her soul revolted and she burned the manuscript of *Alessandra*. At last the playwright was successful, even beyond his dreams. Not only the audiences, but also the critics and literary men, were delighted with *The Morning*. To be sure it was a different audience from that which cared for the melodramas, but it was a more intellectual and refined group of people. Even greater news was in store for Mr. Douglas. In his absence, in spite of small houses, Helen had continued to play *Enid's Choice* at her own expense. The last week before *The Morning* was presented, *Enid's Choice* ran to the capacity of the house. That was the fact that had enabled her to burn *Alessandra*. In the success of his plays Douglas felt that the foundation for a true American drama was laid.

In Garland's presentation of art and the modern drama we feel that they are inextricably bound up with life itself. No nation is any greater than its art. Garland shows that the stage has as great an influence on our lives as any other factor. He wishes the stage to be used not only for our amusement, but also for the elevation of our ideals, and for the presentation of important social and sociological problems. If we cease our subservience to European standards of art and

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foster a true American drama we shall not only enhance our nation's greatness artistically, but shall also perpetuate our own American ideals of life. In Garland's opinion this national development of our drama is a much more important matter than that of art for its own sake.

CHAPTER VII

Religious Life

Concerning religious matters Garland is exceedingly critical. He abhors revivals and has little patience with every-day ministers. He shows no sympathy for or belief in the efficacy of the ordinary efforts of the church to help people. He thinks that educated people have long ago outgrown the creeds of the churches. Denominationalism he considers often a great drawback to a community. But he very decidedly believes in a practical religion of "good deeds". He is doubtful about a continuation of life after death.

In Elder Pill, Preacher of Prairie Folks, Mr. Pill was an exceedingly ardent revivalist who developed to a very high pitch the "protracted" meetings at the grove. Indeed such was the pitiless intensity of his zeal, that a gloom was cast over the whole township; the ordinary festivities ceased or did not begin at all. Mr. Radbourn, an educated, thoughtful man, upon hearing the revivalist expound on the horrors of hell, said, "And all that he preaches in the name of Him who came to bring peace and good will to man."

The story In a Day of Grace (Prairie Folks) shows clearly the fraud of quack revivalists who work on people's emotions and try to hypnotize and terrorize their victims. And we read in Boy Life on the Prairie that for several years the aspect

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of the neighborhood had been darkened and made austere by the work of an evangelist who came preaching the wickedness of the natural man and the imminence of death. Inevitably there was a rebound from this rigid discipline several years later, and again the people young and old participated in social activities.

A Preacher's Love Story (Other Main-Traveled Roads)

pictures strongly the evils of denominationalism. In the community there had once been a strong religious feeling but because of the bitter rivalries of the members of the two leading denominations—the Methodists and Baptists—the church had been allowed to decay and religious services were no longer held. The people were divided into two hostile antagonistic groups. Former friends and even relatives were estranged because of their different church affiliation. When Wallace Stacey, a young theological student, taught school in this district, he yearned to rebuild this church. Although of the Baptist faith he soon gained a higher vision and held meetings every evening for some weeks, presenting Christ's life and plea for righteous living and brotherly helpfulness. The people of the community one after another fell under the sway of this young man's teaching and united in rebuilding the church on a non-sectarian basis. As a result of putting aside their former creeds and animosities, neighbors frequented one another's homes and the old times of visiting and brotherly

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love returned. Although a Baptist clergyman came over to see about establishing the church in a regular way, the young preacher refused to cooperate, realizing that continued peace and good-will lay in keeping clear of all doctrinal debates and disputes.

The Young Men's Christian Association in The Eagle's Heart organized a Prison Rescue Band which held services in the jail each Sunday afternoon. They were a great bore to most of the prisoners who considered the members fanatic. They sang "Pull for the Shore", "Trust it all with Jesus", and other well worn Moody and Sankey hymns, and the leader prayed resoundingly, and then one by one, the others made little talks to the prison walls. There was seldom a face to be seen. Muttered curses occasionally rumbled from the cells where the prisoners were trying to sleep. Apparently no good whatever resulted from the efforts of the young men.

Garland insists always that religion shall be practical. The Tyranny of the Dark shows us Anthony Clarke, a fanatical young preacher with a wonderful voice who sang only a few church hymns, because he thought his voice was given him to use in Christ's service, not for the gratification of his pride. Dr. Serviss, a scientist, thought the man could not serve the Lord better than by singing beautiful songs to the weary people of this earth. He considered

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it a crime to wear out a beautiful voice like the preacher's on "pinchbeck" hymns.

The fiery young revivalist in Elder Pill finally doubted the truth of the doctrine (blackness of Hell) which he had preached for years, then through the help of a highly educated man came to realize that the creed of all churches is too crass, too mechanical, too childish to meet the ideals, of a generation which is each day awakening to some wider conception of the universe, and that the real beliefs are those in good deeds, candor and steadfastness, in justice, equality of opportunity, and in liberty.

In The Eagle's Heart, when Hatold Excell returned to his home in the East he was surprised to find the preacher a young fellow, an interesting speaker. The service had nothing of the old time chant or drawl or drone. In calm, unhesitating speech the young man proceeded, from a text of Hebrew scripture, to argue points of right and wrong among men, and to urge upon his congregation right thinking and right action. He used a great many of the technical phrases of carpenters and stone-masons and sailors. He showed familiarity also with the phrases of the cattle country. Several times a low laugh rippled over his congregation as he uttered some peculiarly apt phrase or made use of some witty illustration. To the cow-boy this sort of preaching came with joyful surprise.

Garland shows greater admiration for scientific men

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than for preachers and looks to them for guidance in religious matters for the future. In The Tyranny of the Dark he says:

"I have the greatest admiration for scientific men because they have discovered so many cures for diseases, have brought chloroform to alleviate pain, have enormously reduced the number of those who die on the battle-field by their antiseptic dressings, and have made infantile diseases less destructive. They have gone past all creeds, but bow before the unspeakable majesty of the unknown. To them the Hebrew scriptures are but the tales of minstrels in the childhood of the race, Mohammed a dreamer of baseless visions, and Christ but incarnate love in an age of war. The Creator they conceive is too profound to admit of any attribute. He neither thinks nor feels, and the life that pulses at the base of the first faint cell is a part of the same power that binds the stars to their circling suns."

Hesper and Money Magic show the attitude of the cultured classes, comprising the general literary and educational fraternities, the artistic and musical sets, toward religion. Some of them went to church, but they did so calmly, patiently as to a decorous function, and when they prayed, they generally did so through the medium of printed supplication, but generally speaking they had reached a sort of philosophic indifference as to the one-time burning question of heaven or hell. They esteemed good deeds and clean thoughts higher than any religion whatsoever.

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Garland apparently believes then, that the attitude which people take toward religious matters can have a determining effect on their lives. A religious fanatic can so work upon peoples' emotions that they will cease to be interested in matters that pertain to their proper development intellectually and socially. Church rivalry, especially in villages and country districts causes jealousy and ill feeling toward people in the community, and in general is a factor working against the common good of the people. Much of the average preaching Garland condemns too, as being a soporific. He says that too commonly a minister tries to hide actual social conditions from the members of his congregation and thus actually is a hindrance rather than a help to the progress of society. On the other hand Garland shows that the right kind of preaching does raise the tone of the community and assist the neighborhood, and that a minister can be a leader for civic betterment and social justice.

APPENDIX I.

A Survey of Psychical Phenomena.

In view of the fact that a consideration of psychical phenomena has become rather widespread recently in this country and in England, and the fact that such noted men as Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle have done much to advance the cause of psychical matters, it may be of social interest to give a short survey of Hamlin Garland's connection with the American Psychical Society and his belief in these phenomena.

In the preface to The Tyranny of the Dark Hamlin Garland says: "I was drawn into a study of what is known as spiritualism by my good friend, B.O. Flower, of Boston, who was prime mover in starting a society for the scientific study of these obscure matters. This was in 1891. Mr. Flower asked me to serve on his executive board, which at that time included Reverend Minot J. Savage, Rabbi Schindler, Reverend T. E. Allen, and Professor Amos E. Dolbeare. Mr. Flower wanted me on the board because I was young, a student of Spencer and Darwin and Haeckel, ^R--and--most important of all (he said)--not yet bereaved."

And in the foreword of The Shadow World Garland writes: "This book is a faithful record, as far as I can make it, of the most marvellous phenomena which have come under my observation during the last sixteen or seventeen years. I

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have used my notes (made immediately after the sittings) and also my reports to the American Psychical Society (of which I was at one time a director) as the basis of my story. For literary purposes I have substituted fictitious names for real names; but I have not allowed this necessary expedient to interfere with the precise truth of the account."

In The Shadow World we are given accounts of many seances. On one occasion a strictly test performance was held in the presence only of Mr. and Mrs. Miller, Mr. Garland and the psychic. Mrs. Smiley, the psychic, was fastened so that she could neither touch the tips of her fingers together nor lift her arms an inch from the chair. The action of a confederate was excluded by reason of the bolted door. As further precaution they pinned a large crisp newspaper over her knees and tacked it securely to the floor in front of her feet.

After the lights were lowered almost immediately faint raps came upon the table. The psychic began to toss and moan pitifully. Her suffering mounted to a paroxysm at last, then silence fell for a minute or two; and in this hush the table took life, rose and slid away toward the persons in the circle as if shoved by a powerful hand. Three times the table was urged in the same direction. Very soon the megaphone, which had been standing on the top of the table, began to rock on its base, and a pencil which lay beside it was fumbled as if by a rat or a kitten. Then they entered into communication

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with the spirit that was busy in the center of the table. Suddenly, with a loud bang, a book fell upon the table. Others followed, till twenty-four were piled about the cone. Very soon a book rose in the air and Garland could see two hands vigorously thumping the volume which was held three feet above the table, and to the psychic's left. For nearly two hours a spirit voice kept them interested and busy. He was very much alive, and they alternately laughed at his quaint conceits or pondered the implications of his casual remarks. Finally the spirit said "good night". When they had turned on the light they found Mrs. Smiley sitting precisely as they had last seen her. Her feet were fastened to the floor, and the newspaper was still on guard.

A particularly incredible thing which Garland saw on another occasion was the materialization of a complete human form outside the cabinet and beside the psychic. The medium in the case was a young business man. A luminous form, taller than the psychic, suddenly appeared before the curtain. Garland could perceive neither face, eyes nor feet, but he could make out the arms under the shining robe, the shape of the head and the shoulders. The spirit seemed drawn by some magnetic force toward the psychic, and the psychic seemed under an immense strain to keep the apparition exterior to himself. When they met the spectre vanished, and the psychic's fall seemed inevitable--a collapse from utter

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exhaustion. Garland was convinced at the moment that he had seen a vaporous entity born of the medium. It appeared to be a clear case of projection of the astral body.

In Victor Olnee's Discipline we read that under the most rigid conditions, when the psychic was placed on a chair enclosed by a conical cage of wire netting encircled by bands of copper, a voice spoke. A vivid red flash lit up the room. A zither in the room played a wistful little tune. A voice asked if the engineer would swear that the psychic had not done that. /The face of a bearded man was plainly seen. Of this they took a flash light. The blinding flash was accompanied by a moan. The psychic died. Her death was triumphant, for on the sensitive plate of each camera science and law were alike to read the proof of her power.

Concerning the explanation of separate phenomena Garland believes that the psychic externalizes her power in some occult fashion, and that it is she who speaks. It is as if the medium were to will different objects to rise and then to project her voice into them.

The medium usually seems to enter successively three stages of hypnotic sleep. In the first stage the spirits speak through her own throat--or she impersonates. Her second and deeper sleep permits of the movement of the cone--telekinesis and independent slate-writing. In the final deathly sleep she has the power of projecting her astral

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hands, and the production of spirit voices.

Garland says that Dr. Foa believes that the phenomena come within the domain of natural law, and result from a transmutation of energy accumulated in the medium. He calls this 'vital energy' or 'psychic energy'. He thinks, moreover, that a psychic is able to emit supernumerary etheric limbs, perhaps a complete material double of herself, which is able to move with lightning speed and perfect precision. It is this actual externalization of both matter and sense that makes darkness so essential to the medium. Vivid light forces this effluvia, this mysterious double, back into its originating body with disrupting haste.

Garland's theory about the apparitions is that they are emanations of the medium's physical substance, moulded by his will, and colored by the mind of his sitters. He confesses that most of the spirits he has met seem merely parasitic or secondary personalities, drawn from the psychic or himself, and that he does not believe in the return of the dead. He says that the weight of evidence seems to him to be on the side of the theory that mediumship is, after all, a question of unexplored human biology.

APPENDIX 2

List of Writings Studied with Dates of Production.

Main Travelled Roads,	1890, 1891, 1893, 1899,	1903, 1907.
Other Main Travelled Roads	1890, 1892, 1899	1910
Jason Edwards		1891
A Member of the Third House		1892
A Spil of Office		1892
Prairie Folks	1892, 1893,	1899
Prairie Songs; Crumbling Idols		1893
Rose of Dutcher's Cooly		1895
Wayside Courtships		1897
Ulysees Grant		1898
The Trail of the Goldseekers	1899,	1906
Boy Life on the Prairie		1899
The Eagle's Heart		1900
Her Mountain Lover	1900, 1901,	1915
The Captain of the Gray Horse Troop	1901,	1902
Hesper		1903
The Light of the Star		1904
The Tyrrany of the Dark	1905,	1908
The Long Trail		1907
Money Magic		1907
The Shadow World		1908
The Moccasin Ranch		1909
Cavanagh-Forest Ranger	1909,	1910
Victor Olnee's Discipline		1911
The Forester's Daughter	1913,	1914
A Son of the Middle Border		1914.

APPENDIX 3.

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Sanity in Fiction, H.Garland.

North American 176:336-48.March '03

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